SAUNY the SCOT:

OR, THE

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Taming of the SHREW.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Written Originally by SHAKESPEAR.

Alter'd and Improv'd by Mr. *LACEY*,
Servant to His MAJESTY.

LONDON:
Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, over-against *St. Clement's Church* in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.XXXVI.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

LOrd *Beaufoy.*
Woodall.
Petruchio, the Tamer.
Geraldo.
Tranio.
Sir *Lyonel Winlove.*
Winlove, his Son.
Snatchpenny.
Jemmy.
Sauny, the *Scot.*
Curtis, } And other Serving-
Philip, } men.
Margaret, the *Shrew*,
Biancha, her Siſter.
Widow.

SAUNY

SAUNY the SCOT:
OR, THE
Taming of the SHREW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Winlove, *and his Man* Tranio.

WINLOVE.

I AM quite weary of a Country Life; there is that little Thing the World calls *Quiet*, but there is nothing elſe; Clowns live and die in't, whoſe *Souls* lie hid there, and after Death their *Names:* My kinder Stars (I thank 'em) have wing'd my Spirit with an active Fire, which makes me wiſh to know what Men are born for; to dyet a running Horſe, to give a Hawk caſting, to know Dogs Names; theſe make not Men; no, 'tis Philoſophy, 'tis Learning, and Exerciſe of Reaſon to know what's Good and Virtuous, and to break our ſtubborn and untemper'd Wills, to chooſe it; this makes us imitate that great Divinity that fram'd us.

Tran. I thought you had learn'd *Philoſophy* enough at *Oxford*, what betwixt *Ariſtotle* on one ſide, and *Bottle-Ale* on the other; I am confident you have arriv'd at a Pitch of Learning and Virtue ſufficient for any Gentleman to ſet up with in the Country; that is, to be the Prop of the Family.

Winl. My Father's Fondneſs has kept me ſo long in the Country, I've forgot all I'd learn'd at the Univerſity: Beſides, take that at beſt, it but rough caſt's us: No, *London* is the choiceſt Academy, 'tis that muſt poliſh us, and put a Gloſs upon our Country-Studies: Hither I'm come at laſt, and do reſolve to glean many Vices. Thou, *Tranio*, haſt been my Companion; ſtill one Bed has held us, one Table fed us; and tho' our Bloods give me Precedency, (that I count Chance) my Love has made us equal, and I have found a frank Return in thee.

Tran. Such a Diſcourſe commands a ſerious Anſwer: Know then, your Kindneſs tells me I muſt Love you; The Good you have taught me commands me to honour you: I have learnt, with you, to hate Ingratitude; but letting thoſe aſide, for thus I may ſeem to do it; for my own Sake, be aſſur'd, I muſt Love you, though you Hate me; I neither look at Vice nor Virtue in you, but as you are the Perſon I dote on.

Winl. No more; I do believe and know thou lov'ſt me: I wonder *Jemmy* ſtays ſo long behind: You muſt look out to get me handſome Lodgings, fit to receive ſuch Friends the Town ſhall bring me; you muſt take care of all, for I'm reſolv'd to make my Study my ſole Buſineſs: I'll live handſomely; not over high, nor yet beneath my Quality.

Enter Beaufoy, Margaret, Biancha, Woodall *and* Geraldo.

But ſtay a little: What Company's this?

Beau. Gentlemen, importune no farther, you know my firm Reſolve, not to beſtow my *Youngeſt* Daughter, before I have a Husband for the *Elder*; if either of you both love *Pegg*, becauſe I know you well, and love you well, you ſhall have Freedom to court her at your Pleaſure.

Wood.

Wood. That is to ſay, we ſhall have Leave to have our Heads broken; a prime Kindneſs, by'ur Lady, ſhe's too rough for me; there, *Geraldo*, take her for me, if you have any Mind to a Wife; to her, you are Young, and may clap Trammels on her, and ſtrike her to a Pace in Time; I dare not deal with her, I ſhall never get her out of her high Trot.

Marg. 'Tis ſtrange, Sir, you ſhould make a Stale of me among theſe Mates thus.

Geral. Mates, Madam, 'Faith, no Mates for you, unleſs you were a little tamer; wo worth him that has the Breaking of you!

Marg. Take heed I don't beſtow the Breaking of your Calves-Head for you; you Mate, marry come up; go, get you a Sempſtreſs, and run in Score with her for Muckinders to dry your Noſe with, and marry her at laſt to pay the Debt: And you there Goodman Turnip-eater, with your Neats-Leather Phiſnomy, I'll ſend your Kitchen-wench to liquor it this wet Weather; whoſe old Boots was it cut out of?

Ger. From all ſuch *Petticoat Devils* deliver us I pray.

Tran. Did you ever ſee the like, Sir? That Wench is either ſtark Mad, or wonderful Froward.

Wood. I can't tell, but I had as live take her Dowry with this Condition, to be whip'd at *Charing-Croſs* every Morning.

Ger. Faith, as you ſay, there's ſmall Choice in rotten *Apples*; but ſince 'tis as 'tis, let us be friendly Rivals, and endeavour for a Husband for *Margaret*, that *Biancha* may be free to have one, and then he that can win her, wear her.

Wood. I would give the beſt Horſe in *Smithfield* to him that would throughly Woe her, Wed her, and Bed her, and rid the Houſe of her, to carry her far enough off: Well, come agreed. *Exeunt.*

Tran. But pray, Sir, is't poſſible that Love ſhou'd of a ſudden take ſuch hold of you.

Win. O *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true, I never found it poſſible; but ſhe has ſuch attractive Charms, he were a Stone that did not Love her; I am all fire, burn, pine,

periſh, *Tranio*, unleſs I win her; Counſel me, and Aſſiſt me, Dear *Tranio*.

Tran. Are all your Reſolutions for Study come to this? You have got a Book will hold you tack; you are like to be a fine *Virtuoſo*, now muſt we go to a *Chymiſt* to ſet his Still a going for *Philters* —— *Love Powders* and Extracts of Sighs and Highoes.

Win. Nay, *Tranio*, do not make Sport with my Paſſion, it is a Thing ſo deeply rooted here, it cannot die, but it muſt take me with it; help me, or hope not long to ſee thy Maſter.

Tran. Nay, Sir, if you are ſo far gone there's no Remedy, we muſt contrive ſome way, but 'twill be difficult; for you know her Father has mew'd her up, and 'till he has rid his Hands of her Siſter there's no coming near her.

Win. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel Father's he, but don't you remember what Care he took to provide Maſters for her?

Tran. Yes, Sir; and what of all that?

Win. Y'are a Fool, can't I be prefer'd to her, to teach her *French*; I have a good command of the Language, and it may be eaſily done?

Tran. I don't apprehend the Eaſineſs of it; for who ſhall be Sir *Lyonel*'s Son here in Town? To ply his Studies, and welcome his Freinds, viſit his Kindred, and entertain 'em.

Win. Be content, I have a Salve for that too; we have not yet been ſeen in any Houſe, nor can be diſtinguiſh'd by our Faces, for *Man*, or *Maſter*. Then it follows thus; you *Tranio* muſt be young *Winlove* in my Stead, and bear your ſelf according to my Rank; I'll be an ordinary *French* Maſter about the Town; the Time I ſtay'd in *France*, is that will help me; it muſt be ſo. Come, come, uncaſe, and take my Cloaths, and when we're at our Lodgings, we'll make a full Change; when *Jemmy* comes he waits on thee, but firſt I'll charm his Tongue.

Tran. 'Twill be needful, ſince this is your Pleaſure I'm ty'd to be Obedient, for ſo your Father charg'd me at your Parting, altho' I think 'twas in another Senſe; in ſhort, I'm ready to ſerve you, and aſſiſt you in your Enterprize.

Enter

Enter Jemmy.

Win. Here comes the Rogue. Sirrah, Where have you been?

Jem. Where have I been? Pray, how now Maſter, where are you Maſter, has *Tranio* Stoln your Cloaths, or you his, or both?

Win. Sirrah come hither, this is not Time to Jeſt. Some weighty Reaſons make me take this Habit; enquire not; you ſhall know 'em Time enough; mean while wait you on *Tranio* in my Stead I charge you as becomes you, you underſtand me.

Jem. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.

Win. And not of *Tranio*, one Word in your Mouth; he's turn'd to *Winlove*.

Jem. The better for him, would I were ſo too.

Tran. When I am alone with you, why then I am *Tranio* ſtill; in all Places elſe, your Maſter *Winlove*.

Win. Tranio, let's go; one Thing yet remains, which you muſt by no Means neglect; that is, to make one amongſt theſe Wars; ask me not why, but be ſatisfy'd, my Reaſons are both good and weighty.

Tran. I obey, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Petruchio, *and his Man* Sauny.

Pet. SIRRAH, leave off your *Scotch*, and ſpeak me *Engliſh*, or ſomething like it.

Saun. Gude will I, Sir.

Pet. I think we have ridden Twenty Miles in Three Hours; *Sauny*, are the Horſes well rub'd down and litter'd?

Saun. Deel o' my Saul, Sir, I ne'er Scrub'd my ſel better than I Scrub'd your Naggs.

Pet.

Pet. And thou need'ſt Scrubing, I'll ſay that for thee, thou beaſtly Knave; Why do ye not get your ſelf cur'd of the Mange?

Saun. S'breed, Sir, I w'ud nea be cur'd for a Thouſand Pund; there's nea a Lad in aw *Scotland* but Loves it; Gude *Sauny* might hang himſel an it were not for Scratting and Scrubbing.

Pet. Why ſo Prithee?

Saun. When ye gea 'tull a Ladies Houſe, ye are Blith and Bonny, Sir, and gat gud Meat, but the Dee'l a bit gat's *Sauny*, meere than Hunger and Cawd, Sir; Bo then, Sir, when aw the Footmen ſtan ſtill, Sir, and ha nothing to dea, then gees *Sauny* tul his Paſtime, Scratten and Scrubben.

Pet. Do'ſt call it Paſtime?

Saun. O my Saul de I, Sir; I take as muckle Pleaſure, Sir, in Scratten and Scrubben, as ye de in Tiplin and Mowing.

Pet. Nay, if it be ſo, keep it, and much good may it d' ye. This is my old Friend *Geraldo's* Lodgings; for whoſe Sake now I am come to Town, I hope he's at home; there *Sauny*, knock.

Saun. Wuns, Sir; I ſee nean to Knock bo yer ean ſel, Sir.

Pet. Sirrah, I ſay knock me ſoundly at this Gate.

Saun. Out, out, in the muckle Deel's Name t' ye; you'l gat me ſtrike ye, and then ye'l put me a-waw, Sir; with ye'r Favour Iſe ne'er do't, Sir; Gude an ye ne ken when ye an a gued Man, S'breed I wot when I've a gued Maſter, ye's bang yer Sel for *Sauny*.

Pet. Rogue, I'll make you underſtand me. [*Beats him.*

Saun. Gude an ye'd give *Sauny* ea bang ar twa meere e that Place, for I can ne're come at it to Scrat it my ſel, Sir.

Pet. Yes, thus, Sir,

Saun. The Dee'l faw yer Fingers, I may not beat yea o' yeer ean Dunghill, Sir, bo gin I had yea in *Scotland*, Iſe ne give yea a Bawbee for your Luggs.

Enter Geraldo.

Ger. How now *Sauny*, what Crying out? Dear *Petruchio*, moſt welcome; when came you to Town? What

What Quarrel is this 'twixt you and *Sauny*? I pray let me Compoſe the Difference, and tell me now what happy Gale drove you to Town, and why in this Habit? Why in Mourning?

Pet. A common Calamity to us young Men, my Father has been Dead this four Months.

Ger. Truſt me I am ſorry, a good old Gentleman.

Saun. Gee yer gate, Sir, gee yer gate, on ye be fow a Grief ye'r nea Friend, we are blith and bonny, Sir, we nere woe for't.

Pet. Sirrah, you long to be baſted.

Saun. Gud do I not, Sir.

Pet. Hither I come to try my Fortunes, to ſee if good Luck and my Friends will help me to a Wife; Will you wiſh me to one?

Ger. What Qualifications do you look for?

Pet. Why Money, a good Portion.

Ger. Is that all?

Pet. All Man? All other Things are in my making.

Ger. I ſhall come roundly to you and wiſh you to a rich Wife, but her Face ———

Pet. That ſhall break no Squares, a Mask will mend it, Wealth is the burthen of my Wooing Song. If ſhe be Rich, I care not if ſhe want a Noſe, or an Eye, any Thing with Money.

Saun. De ye nea gi him Creedit, Sir? I wud a halp't him tul a Highland Lady with Twanty thouſand Pund; Gud he wud nea have her, Sir.

Pet. Sirrah, your Twenty thouſand Pounds *Scotch* will make but a pittiful *Engliſh* Portion.

Saun. Gud, Sir, bo a muckle deal of *Scotch* Punds is as gued as a little deal of *Engliſh* Punds.

Ger. She has nothing like this, but a Thing worſe, ſhe has a *Tongue* that keeps more Noiſe than all that ever mov'd at *Billinſgate*.

Pet. Piſh, a Trifle; where lives ſhe? I long to be Wooing her, let me alone with her Tongue, I'm in Love with the News of it, who is't? Who is't? I'm reſolv'd for her, or Nobody.

Ger. But look before you Leap, Sir, and ſay you were warn'd.

Saun.

Saun. Out, out, he can nea break his Cragg upon her; Gude an ye'd venter your bonny Laſs, Iſe venter my bonny Lad at her, Sir.

Ger. Her Father is the brave noble *Beaufoy*; her Name *Margaret*, fam'd about Town for a *Vixin*.

Pet. The Town's an Aſs; come prithee ſhew me the Houſe, I will not ſleep 'till I ſee her, I know her Father; nay, I am reſolv'd, Man, come, Prithee come.

Saun. Wun's Man an ſhe be a Scawd, awaw with her, awaw with her, and *Johnne Johnſton*'s Curſe ge with her.

Ger. Prithee what's that?

Saun. That is, the Deel creep into her Weem i'th' very Bottome on't, that's to the Croone, gued faith, of her Head.

Ger. Well, Sir, if you are reſolv'd, I'll wait on you; to ſay the Truth, 'twill be my great Advantage, for if you win her, I ſhall have Liberty to ſee her younger Siſter, ſweet *Biancha*, to whoſe fair Eyes I am a Votary; and you, in Order to my Love, *Petruchio*, muſt help me; I'll tell you why, and how you muſt prefer me as a Muſick-Maſter to old *Beaufoy*.

Pet. I underſtand you not.

Saun. He'd ha ye mak him her Piper, Sir, gued an ye'd mak *Sauny* her Piper, wuns Ide ſea blea her Pipe.

Pet. Sirrah, be quiet, what I can I'll ſerve you in; but who comes here, *Geraldo?*

Enter Woodall *and* Winlove *diſguis'd.*

Ger. 'Tis Mr. *Woodall*, a rich old Citizen, and my Rival, Heark.

Saun. Out, out, what ſud a awd Carle do with a young bonny Laſs, are ye not an aud Theif, Sir?

Wood. How?

Saun. Are ye not an aud Man, Sir?

Wood. Yes marry am I, Sir.

Saun. And are not ye to marry a young Maiden?

Wood. Yes, what then?

Saun. And are you not troubled with ſear Griefe, Sir?

Wood. A ſear Grief, what ſear Grief?

Saun.

Saun. You're troubled with a great Weakneſs i'th' Bottome of your Bally; what ſid yea dea with a young Maiden? Out, out, out.

Wood. You underſtand me, your *French* Books treat moſt of Love; thoſe uſe her to, and now and then you may urge ſomething of my Love and Merit? Beſides her Father's Bounty, you ſhall find me Liberal.

Win. Monſieur, me vill tell her the very fine Ting of you, me vill make her love you wheder ſhe can, or no?

Wood. Enough, Peace, here's *Geraldo*; your Servant, Sir, I am juſt going to Sir *Nicholas Beaufoy*, to carry him this Gentleman, a *Frenchman*, moſt eminent for teaching his Country Language.

Ger. I have a Maſter for *Biancha* too; but waving that, I have ſome News to tell you, I have found out a Friend that will woe *Margaret*; what will you contribute, for he muſt be hir'd to't?

Wood. Why, I will give him forty Pieces in Hand, and when he has don't, I'll double the Sum.

Ger. Done, Sir, I'll undertake it.

Saun. S'breed, Sir, Iſe gat it done muckle cheaper; foa twanty Punds Iſe dea it my ſel.

Ger. Come, down with your Money, and the Bargain's made.

Wood. But if he ſhou'd not do it, I don't care for throwing away ſo much Money.

Ger. If he don't I'll undertake he ſhall refund.

Wood. Why then here's ten Pieces, and that Ring I'll pawn to you for t'other Thirty, 'tis worth a Hundred; but does the Gentleman know her Qualities?

Pet. Yes, Sir, and they are ſuch I am fond of; I wou'd not be hir'd for any Thing, to woe a Perſon of another Humour.

Enter Tranio *brave and* Jemmy.

Tran. Save you Gentlemen; pray which is the Way to Sir *Nicholas Beaufoy*'s Houſe?

Wood. Why, Sir, what is your Buſineſs there? You pretend not to be a Servant to either of his Daughters, d'ye?

Tran.

Tran. You are ſomething blunt in your Queſtions, perhaps I do?

Pet. Not her that chides on any Hand I pray.

Tran. I love no Chiders: Come *Jemmy*.

Ger. Pray ſtay, Sir, is it the other?

Tran. May be it is, is it any Offence?

Wood. Yes, 'tis, Sir, ſhe is my Miſtreſs.

Ger. I muſt tell you, Sir, ſhe is my Miſtreſs too.

Tran. And I muſt tell you both, ſhe is my Miſtreſs, will that content you? Nay, never frown for the Matter.

Saun. And I mun tell ye all, there's little Hopes for *Sauny* then.

Win. The Rogue does it rarely. [*Aſide.*

Pet. Nay, nay, Gentleman, no Quarrelling, unleſs it were to the Purpoſe: Have you ſeen this young Lady, Sir?

Tran No, Sir; but I'm in Love with her Character. They ſay ſhe has a Siſter moves like a Whirlwind.

Pet. Pray ſpare your Deſcription, Sir; that Furious Lady is my Miſtreſs; and 'till I have Married her, *Biancha* is Inviſible; her Father has Sworn it, and 'till then, you muſt all move Forty Foot off

Tran. I thank you for your Admonition; I ſhould have loſt my Labour elſe; and ſince you are to do all of us the Favour, I ſhall be glad to be numbered among your Servants, Sir.

Pet. You will honour me to accept of me for yours. But pray, Sir, let me know who obliges me with this Civility?

Tran. My Name is *Winlove*, Sir, a *Worſterſhire* Gentleman; where I have ſomething, an Old Man's Death will Intitle me to, not inconſiderable. Come, Gentlemen, let's not fall out, at leaſt till 'the Fair *Biancha*'s at Liberty; ſhall we go ſit out half an Hour at the Tavern, and Drink her Health?

Saun. Do my Bearns; and Iſe Drink with ye to Countenance ye.

Pet. Ay, ay, agreed; Come, and then I'll to my Miſtreſs.

Saun. Gude theſe Ladies are o' *Sauny*'s Mind, they'l lather tak a Drink, nor Fight. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Margaret *and* Biancha.

Marg. Marry come up, Proud Slut, muſt you be making your ſelf Fine before your Elder Siſter? You are the Favourite, are, you? But I ſhall make you know your Diſtance; Give me that Necklace, and thoſe Pendants, I'll have that Whisk too, there's an old Hankerchief good enough for you.

Bian. Here, take 'em, Siſter, I reſign 'em freely, I wou'd give you all I have to Purchaſe your Kindneſs.

Marg. You Flattering Gypſie, I cou'd find in my Heart to Slit your Diſſembling Tongue; Come, tell me, and without Lying, which of your Sutors you Love beſt? Tell me, or I'll beat you to Clouts, and Pinch thee like a Fairy.

Bian. Believe me, Siſter, of all Men alive, I never ſaw that particular Face which I could Fancy more than another.

Marg. Huſwife you Lye; and I could find in my Heart to daſh thy Teeth down thy Throat; I know thou lov'ſt *Geraldo*.

Bian. If you Affect him Siſter, I vow to plead for you my ſelf, but you ſhall have him.

Marg. O then belike you fancy Riches more, you love Old *Woodall*.

Bian. That Old Fool! Nay, now I ſee you but jeſted with me all this while; I know you are not angry with me.

Marg. If this be a Jeſt, then all the reſt is ſo: I'll make ye tell me 'ere I have done with you Goſſip.

Enter Beaufoy.

Beau. Why, how now Dame, whence grows this Inſolence? *Biancha*, get thee in my Poor Girl; She Weeps; Fie *Peg*, put off this Deviliſh Humour; Why doſt thou Croſs thy Tender Innocent Siſter? When did ſhe Croſs thee with a bitter Word?

Marg. Her Silence Flouts me, and I'll be Reveng'd. [*Flies at* Biancha.

Beau. What in my Sight too? You ſcurvy Ill natur'd Thing: Go, poor *Biancha*, get thee out of her Way. [*Exit* Bian.

Marg. What will you not ſuffer me —— Nay, now I ſee ſhe is your Treaſure; ſhe muſt have a Husband, and I Dance Barefoot on her Wedding Day: And, for your Love to her, lead Apes in Hell. I ſee your Care of me, I'll go and cry 'till I can find a Way to be quit with her. [*Exit.*

Beau. Was ever poor Man thus plagu'd?

Enter Woodall, Winlove *diſguis'd, with* Jemmy, *carrying a* Lute *and* Books, *and* Tranio.

How now, who's here?

Wood. Sir, your Servant. I am bold to wait on you, to preſent you this Gentleman, an acute Teacher of the *French* Tongue, his Name's *Monſieur Marogier*; pray accept his Service.

Beau. I am your Debtor, Sir; *Monſieur* you're welcome.

Win. Me give you humble Tanks, Sir.

Beau. But what Gentleman is that?

Wood. I don't love him ſo well to tell you his Errant, but he would come along with me, you had beſt ask him.

Tran. I beg your Pardon for my Intruſion, we heard your fair and virtuous Daughter, *Biancha*, prais'd to ſuch a Height of Wonder, Fame has already made me her Servant; I've heard your Reſolution not to match her 'till her eldeſt Siſter is beſtow'd, mean while I beg Ammittance, like the Reſt, to keep my Hopes alive; this *Lute*, Sir, and theſe few *French* Romances I would dedicate to her Service.

Beau. Sir, you oblige me, pray your Name?

Tran. 'Tis *Winlove*, Son and Heir to Sir *Lionel Winlove*.

Beau. My noble Friend, he has been my School-Fellow; for his Sake you are moſt kindly welcome, you ſhall have all the Freedom I can give you.

Enter Sauny *and* Geraldo *diſguis'd.*

Saun. Haund in Haund, Sir, Iſe ge teil him my ſel. Whare is this Laird?

Beau. Here, Sir, what wou'd you have, what are you?

Saun. Marry, Iſe ean a bonny *Scot*, Sir. *Beau.*

Beau. A *Scotchman*, is that all?

Saun. Wuns wud ye have me a Cherub? I ha brought ye a ſmall Teaken, Sir.

Beau. But d'ye hear you *Scot*, don't you uſe to put off your Cap to your Betters?

Saun. Marry, we ſay in *Scotland*, Geud Mourn til ye for aw the Day, and ſea put on our Bonnets again, Sir; bo Sir, I ha brought ye a Teaken.

Beau. To me, where is't; from whence is your Teaken?

Saun. Marry, from my good Maſter *Petruchio*, Sir; he has ſen you a Pipe to teach your bonny Laſſes to Pipe, but gin yed let *Sauny* teach 'em? Iſe pipe 'em ſea, Whim —— Whum, their Arſes ſhall nere leave jiging and joging while there's a Tooth in their Head.

Beau. Petruchio! I remember him now, how does thy Maſter?

Saun. Marry, Sir, he means to make ean of your Laſſes his Wanch, that is, his Love and his Ligby.

Beau. You are a ſawcy Rogue.

Saun. Gud wull a Sir, he'll tak your Laſs with a *Long Tang* that the *Deel* and *Sauny* wun a venter on; but he's here his aun ſel, Sir.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Your moſt humble Servant.

Beau. Noble *Petruchio* welcome, I thank you for your Kindneſs to my Daughters. Within there.

Enter Servant.

Conduct theſe Gentlemen to my Daughters, tell 'em theſe are both to be their Maſters, bid 'em uſe them civilly; take in that Lute, and thoſe Books there; *Petruchio*, I hear you have loſt your Father lately.

Pet. 'Tis true, but I hope to find another in you; in ſhort, I hear you have a fair Daughter, called *Margaret*, the World ſays ſhe's a *Shrew*; but I think otherwiſe; you know my Fortune, if you like my Perſon, with your Conſent, I'll be your Son-in-Law.

Beau. I have ſuch a Daughter, but I ſo much love you, I would not put her into your Hands, ſhe'll make you mad.

Saun. Gud he's as mad as heart can wiſh, Sir, he need nea halp, Sir.

Pet. I'll venture it Father, ſo I'll preſume to call you; I'm as Peremptory, as ſhe's Proud-minded: And where two raging Fires meet together they do conſume the Thing that feeds their Fury; my Father's Eſtate I have better'd, not imbezell'd; then tell me, if I can get your Daughter's Love, what Portion you will give?

Beau. After my Death the Moiety of my Eſtate; and on the Wedding Day three Thouſand Pounds.

Pet. And I'll aſſure her Jointure anſwerable; get Writings drawn, I'll warrant you I'll carry the Wench.

Beau. Fair Luck betide you.

Enter Geraldo *Bleeding.*

How now Man, what's the Matter? Will my Daughter be a good *Lutaniſt?*

Ger. She'll prove a better *Cudgel Player*, Lutes will not hold her.

Beau. Why then thou canſt not break her to thy Lute.

Ger. No, but ſhe has broke the Lute on me; I did but tell her ſhe miſtook her Frets, and bow'd her Head to teach her Fing'rings; Frets call you theſe, (quoth ſhe) and I'll fret with you, ſo fairly took me o'er the Pate with the *Lute*, and ſet me in the Pillory; and follow'd it with loud Vollies of Rogue, Raſcal, Fidler, Jack, Puppy, and ſuch like.

Pet. Now, by the World, I Love her Ten Times more than e'er I did.

Saun. Gud, bo the De'll a bit ye's wad her, Sir; Wuns Iſe nea gi twa Pence for my Luggs gin you make her yer Bride.

Pet. I'll warrant you *Sauny*, we'll deal with her well enough.

Beau. Well, Sir, I'll make you Reparation, proceed ſtill with my youngeſt Daughter, ſhe's apt to learn. *Petruchio*, will you go with us, or ſhall I ſend my Daughter to you?

Pet.

Pet. Pray do, Sir, and I'll attend her here.

[*Exeunt* Manet. Pet. Saun.

Saun. Gud an ye gi *Sauny* a little Siller to gea to *Scotland* agen.

Pet. Why, *Sauny*, I have not us'd thee ſo unkindly?

Saun. Gud Iſe nea tarry with a ſcauding Quean, Sir; yet the Deel ſaw my Luggs, if Iſe ken which is worſe, to tarry and ventuer my Cragg, or gea heam to *Scotland*.

Enter Margaret.

Pet. Peace, Sirrah, here ſhe comes; now for a Rubbers at Cuffs. O Honey, Pretty *Peg*, how do'ſt thou do Wench?

Marg. Marry come up Ragmanners, *Plain Peg!* Where were you bred? I am call'd Mrs. *Margaret*.

Pet. No, no, thou ly'ſt *Peg*. thou'rt call'd plain *Peg*, and Bonny *Peg*, and ſometimes *Peg the Curſt*; take this from me; Hearing thy Wildneſs prais'd in every Town, thy Virtues ſounded, and thy Beauty ſpoke, my ſelf am mov'd to take thee for my Wife.

Marg. I knew at firſt you were a Moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a Moveable.

Marg. A Joint-Sool.

Pet. Thou haſt hit it *Peg*, come ſit upon me.

Marg. *Aſſes* were made to bear, and ſo were you.

Pet. Why now I ſee the World has much abus'd thee; 'twas told me thou wert Rough and Coy, and Sullen, but I do find thee Pleaſant, Mild and Courteous; thou can'ſt not Frown, nor Pout, nor bite the Lip as angry Wenches do. Thou art all Sweetneſs.

Marg. Do not provoke me, I won't ſtand ſtill and here my ſelf abus'd.

Pet. What a Rogue was he that told me thou wert Lame; thou art as ſtraight as an Oſier, and as plyable; O what a rare Walk's there! Why there's a Gait puts down the King of *France*'s beſt great Horſe.

Saun. And the King o' *Scotland*'s tea.

Pet. Where did'ſt thou learn the grand Paw, *Peg?* It becomes thee rarely.

Marg. Does it ſo Saucebox? How will a Halter become you with a running Knot under one Ear?

Pet. Nay, no Knot *Peg*, but the Knot of Matrimony 'twixt thee and me, we ſhall be an Excellent *Mad Couple well match'd.*

Marg. I match'd to Thee! What to ſuch a Fellow with ſuch a Gridiron Face; with a Noſe ſet on like a Candle's End ſtuck againſt a Mud Wall; and a Mouth to eat Milk-Porridge with Ladles! Foh, it almoſt turns my Stomach to look on't.

Saun. Gud an your Stomach wamble to ſee his Face, what will ye dea when ye ſee his Arſe, Madam?

Marg. Marry come up, *Abberdeen*, take that, [*Hits him a Box on the Ear.*] and ſpeak next when it comes to your Turn.

Saun. S'breed the Deel tak a Gripe o' yer faw Fingers and Driſs your Doublat for ye.

Pet. Take heed, *Peg*, *Sauny*'s a deſperate Fellow.

Marg. You're a Couple of Logger-Heads, Maſter and Man, that I can tell you.

Pet. Nay, nay, ſtay *Peg*, for all this I do like thee, and I mean to have thee, in Truth I am thy Servant.

Marg. Are you, why then I'll give you a Favour, and thus I'll tie it on; there's for you. [*Beats him.*

Saun. Out, out, Iſe gea for *Scotland*; Gud an ſhe beat ye *Sauny*'s a dead Man.

Pet. I'll ſwear I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike agen.

Marg. That's the Way to looſe your Arms; if you ſtrike a Woman, you are no Gentleman.

Pet. A Herald *Peg*? Prithee Blazen my Coat.

Marg. I know not your Coat, but your Creſt is a Coxcomb. [*Offers to go away.*

Pet. Stop her, Sirrah, ſtop her.

Saun. Let her gea her gate, Sir, an e'n twa Deels and a Scotch Wutch, blaw her Weeme full of Wind.

Pet. Stay her, Sirrah, ſtay her, I ſay.

Saun. S'breed, Sir, ſtay her yer ſen; but hear ye, Sir, an her Tale gea as faſt as her Tang, Gud ye ha meet with a Whupſter, Sir.

Pet.

Pet. Prithee *Peg* ſtay, and I'll talk to thee in Earneſt.

Marg. You may pump long enough 'ere you get out a wiſe Word; get a Night-Cap to keep your Brains warm.

Pet. I mean thou ſhall keep me warm in thy Bed, *Peg.* What think'ſt thou of that, *Peg?* In plain Terms, without more ado, I have your Father's Conſent, your Portion's agreed upon, your Jointure ſettled; and for your own Part, be willing, or unwilling, all's one, you I will marry, I am reſolv'd on't.

Marg. Marry come up Jack-a-Lent, without my Leave?

Pet. A Ruſh for your Leave, here's a Clutter with a troubleſome Woman; reſt you contented, I'll have it ſo.

Marg. You ſhall be bak'd firſt, you ſhall! Within there, ha!

Pet. Hold, get me a Stick there *Sauny*; by this Hand, deny to Promiſe before your Father, I'll not leave you a whole Rib, I'll make you do't and be glad on't.

Marg. Why you will not Murder me, Sirrah? You are a Couple of Raſcals, I don't think but you have pickt my Pockets.

Saun. Iſe ſooner pick your Tang out o' your Head, nor pick your Pocket.

Pet. Come leave your idle Prating, have you I will, or no Man ever ſhall; whoever elſe attempts it, his Throat I'll cut, before he lies one Night with thee; it may be, thine too for Company; I am the Man am born to tame thee, *Peg.*

Enter Beaufoy, Woodall *and* Tranio.

Here comes your Father; never make Denial, if you do, you know what follows.

Marg. The Devil's in this Fellow, he has beat me at my own Weapon; I have a good mind to marry him to try if he can tame me.

Beau. Now, *Petruchio*, how ſpeed you with my Daughter?

Pet. How, but well, it were impoſſible I ſhou'd ſpeed amiſs, 'tis the beſt natur'd'ſt Lady———

Beau. Why, how now Daughter, in your Dumps?

Marg.

Marg. You ſhew a Father's Care indeed to match me with this mad hectoring Fellow.

Pet. She has been abus'd, Father, moſt unworthily, ſhe is not curſt unleſs for Policy; for Patience, a ſecond *Grizel:* Betwixt us we have ſo agreed, the Wedding is to be on *Thurſday* next.

Saun. Gud *Sauny*'s gea for *Scotland* a *Tueſday* then.

Wood. Heark, *Petruchio,* ſhe ſays ſhe'll ſee you hang'd firſt, is this your Speeding? I ſhall make you refund.

Pet. Piſh, that's but a Way ſhe has gotten, I have woo'd her, won her, and ſhe's my own; we have made a Bargain that before Company ſhe ſhall maintain a little of her extravagant Humour, for ſhe muſt not ſeem to fall off from't too ſoon; when we are alone, we are the kindeſt, loving'ſt, tender'ſt Chickens to one another! Pray Father provide the Feaſt, and bid the Gueſs, I muſt Home to ſettle ſome Things, and fetch ſome Writings in order to her Jointure, ——Farewel Gallants, give me thy Hand, *Peg.*

Beau. I know not what to ſay, but give me your Hands, ſend you Joy; *Petruchio,* 'tis a Match.

Wood. Tran. Amen, ſay we, we all are Witneſſes.

Marg. Why, Sir, d'ye mean to match me in ſpite of my Teeth?

Pet. Nay, peace, *Peg,* peace, thou need'ſt not be peeviſh before theſe, 'tis only before Strangers, according to our Bargain: Come, *Peg,* thou ſhalt go ſee me take Horſe, farewel Father.

Marg. As I live I will not.

Pet. By this Light but you ſhall; nay, no teſty Tricks, away. [*Exeunt.*

Saun. Gud Iſe be your Lieutenant and bring up your Reer, Madam. [*Exit.*

Wood. Was ever Match clapt up ſo ſuddenly?

Beau. Faith, Gentlemen, I have ventur'd madly on a deſperate Man.

Wood. But now, Sir, as to your younger Daughter, you may remember my long Love and Service.

Tran. I hope I may (without Arrogance, Sir) beg you to look on me as a Perſon of more Merit.

Beau.

Beau. Content ye Gentlemen, I'll compound this Strife, 'tis Deeds, not Words, muſt win the Price; I love you both, but he that can aſſure my Daughter the nobleſt Jointure has her; what ſay you, Sir?

Wood. I'll make it out my Eſtate is worth *De clara*, full twenty Thouſand Pounds, beſides ſome Ventures at Sea; and all, I have, at my Deceaſe, I give her.

Tran. Is that all, Sir? Alas, 'tis too Light, Sir, I am my Father's Heir, and only Son, and his Eſtate is worth Three Thouſand Pound *per Annum*; that will afford a Jointure anſwerable to her Portion; no Debts, nor Incumbrances, no Portions to be paid—— have I nip'd you, Sir?

Beau. I muſt confeſs your Offer is the beſt; and let your Father make her this Aſſurance, ſhe is your own, elſe you muſt pardon me; if you ſhould die before him, where's her Power?

Tran. That's but a Cavil; he's old, I young.

Wood. And may not young Men die as well as old, have I nip'd you there again?

Beau. Well, Gentlemen, I am thus reſolv'd, on *Thurſday* my Daughter *Peg* is to be married; the *Thurſday* following *Biancha*'s yours, if you make this Aſſurance; if not, Mr. *Woodall* has her; and ſo I take my Leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Wood. Sir, your Servant; now I fear you not: Alas, young Man, your Father is not ſuch a Fool, to give you all, and, in his waining Age, ſet Footing under your Table: You may go Whiſtle for your Miſtreſs, ha, ha, ha. [*Ex.*

Tran. A Vengeance on your crafty wither'd Hide. Yet 'tis in my Head to do my Maſter good: I ſee no Reaſon why this ſuppos'd young *Winlove* ſhould not get a ſuppos'd Father, call'd, Sir *Lionel Winlove*; and that's a Wonder, Fathers commonly get Children, but here the Caſe muſt be alter'd.

Love brings ſuch Prodigies as theſe to Town,
For that, at beſt, turns all Things upſide down. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Winlove, Geraldo, Biancha. *A Table cover'd with* Velvet, *two* Chairs *and* Guittar. *A* Paper *prick'd with* SONGS.

Geral. PRAY, Madam, will you take out this Leſſon on the *Guittar?*

Win. Here be de ver fine Story in de Varld of Monſieur *Apollo*, and Madamoſelle *Daphne*; me vill read you dat, Madam.

Geral. Good, Madam, mind not that Monſieur Short-hoſe, but learn this Leſſon firſt.

Win. Begar, Monſieur Fideler, you be de vera fine troubleſome Fellow, me vil make de great Hole in your Head wid de *Guittar*, as *Margaret* did.

Ger. This is no Place to quarrel in; but remember——

Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double Wrong, to ſtrive for that which reſteth in my bare Choice; to end the Quarrel, ſit down and tune your *Inſtrument*, and by that Time his Lecture will be done.

Ger. You'll leave his Lecture when I am in Tune.

Bian. Yes, yes, pray be ſatisfied: Come, Monſieur, let's ſee your Ode.

Win. I do ſuſpect that Fellow. Sure he's no Lute-Maſter. [*Aſide.*

Bian. Here's the Place.

Win. Come, read. [*She reads.*

Bian. Do not believe I am a Frenchman, *my Name is* Winlove; *he that bears my Name about the Town, is my Man* Tranio. *I am your paſſionate Servant, and muſt live by your Smiles; therefore be ſo good, to give Life to my Hopes.*

Ger.

Ger. Madam, your *Guittar* is in Tune.

Bian. Let's hear; fie, there's a String ſplit.

Win. Make de Spit in the Hole, Man, and tune it again.

Bian. Now let me ſee. I know not how to believe you; but if it be true, noble Mr. *Winlove* deſerves to be lov'd; and in the mean Time, keep your own Council; and it is not impoſſible but your Hopes may be converted into Certainties.

Ger. Madam, now 'tis perfectly in Tune.

Win. Fie, fie, begar no Tune at all.

Bian. Now, Sir, I am for you.

Ger. Monſieur, pray walk now, and give me leave a while; my Leſſon will make no Muſick in three Parts.

Win. Me vil no trouble you, Monſieur Fiddeler. I am confident it is ſo, this muſt be ſome Perſon that has taken a Diſguiſe, like me, to court *Biancha*, I'll watch him. [*Aſide.*

Ger. Firſt, Madam, be pleas'd to ſing the laſt Song that I taught you, and then we'll proceed.

Bian. I'll try, but I'm afraid I ſhall be out.

SONG.

Ger. Madam, before you proceed any farther, there are ſome few Rules ſet down in this Paper, in order to your Fingering, will be worth your Peruſal.

Bian. Let's ſee. [*Reads.*

Tho' I appear a Lute-Maſter, yet know, my fair Biancha, *I have but taken this Diſguiſe to get Acceſs to you, and tell you I am your humble Servant, and paſſionate Admirer,*

Geraldo.

Piſh, take your Rules again, I like 'em not, the old Way pleaſes me beſt, I do not care for changing old Rules, for theſe fooliſh new Inventions.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Lord calls for you to help dreſs the Bride.

Bian. Farewel then Maſter, I muſt be gone [*Ex.*

Ger.

Ger. I know not what to think of her; this Fellow looks as if he were in Love, and ſhe careſſes him. Theſe damn'd *French*-Men have got all the Trade in Town; if they get up all the handſome Women, the *Engliſh* muſt e'en march into *Wales* for Miſtreſſes; well, if thy Thoughts, *Biancha,* are grown ſo low, to caſt thy wand'ring Eyes on ſuch a Kickſhaw, I'm reſolv'd to ply my Widow. [*Exit.*

Win. I am glad I'm rid of him, that I may ſpeak my Mother Tongue agen; *Biancha* has given me Hopes, I dare half believe ſhe loves me.

Enter Beaufoy, Woodall, Tranio, Margaret, Biancha, *and Attendants.*

But here's her Father.

Beau. Believe me, Gentlemen, 'tis very ſtrange! This Day *Petruchio* appointed, yet he comes not; methinks he ſhou'd be more a Gentleman, than to put ſuch a Slur upon my Family,

Marg. Nay, you have us'd me finely, and like a Father; I muſt be forc'd to give my Hand againſt my Will, to a rude mad-brain'd Fellow here! Who Woo'd in haſte, and means to Wed at Leiſure. This comes of obeying you; if I'd do't again, were you ten thouſand Fathers, hang me.

Tran. Be patient, Madam, on my Life he'll come; though he be blunt and merry, I'm ſure he's noble; good, Madam, go put on your Wedding Cloaths, I know he'll be with you 'ere you're dreſs'd.

Marg. Wedding Cloaths, I'll ſee him hang'd before I'll have him unleſs it be to ſcratch his Eyes out.

[*Exit weeping.*

Beau. Poor Girl! I cannot blame thee now to weep, for ſuch an Injury wou'd vex a Saint; tho' I am old, I ſhall find ſome Body will call him to a ſtrict Account for this.

Enter Jemmy.

Jem. O Maſter, News! News! And ſuch News as you never heard of.

Beau.

Beau. Why, what News have you, Sir?

Jem. Is't not News to hear of *Petruchio*'s Coming?

Beau. Why is he come?

Jem. Why no my Lord.

Beau. What then, Sirrah?

Jem. He's coming, Sir.

Beau. When will he be here?

Jem. When he ſtands where I am and ſees you there.

Beau. Well, Sirrah, is this all the News?

Jem. Why *Petruchio* is coming in a new Hat, and an old Jerkin, a pair of Breeches thrice turn'd, a Pair of Boots that have been Candle-caſes; an old ruſty Sword with a broken Hilt, and never a Chape; upon an old Lean, Lame, Spavin'd, Glander'd, Broken-winded Jade, with a Woman's Crupper of Velvet, here and there piec'd with Packthread.

Tran. Who comes with him?

Jem. O, Sir, his Man *Sauny*, and in an Equipage very ſuitable to his Maſter; he looks no more like a Chriſtian-Footman, than I look like a Windmill.

Wood. This is a moſt ſtrange extravagant Humour.

Beau. I'm glad he comes, however he be!

Enter Petruchio *and* Sauny *ſtrangely Habited.*

Pet. Come, where are theſe Gallants, who's at Home?

Beau. You're welcome, Sir, I'm glad you're come at laſt.

Tran. I think I have ſeen you in better Cloaths.

Pet. Never, never, Sir, this is my Wedding-ſuit: Why, how now, how now, Gentlemen? What d'ye ſtare at, d'ye take me for a Monſter?

Wood. Faith, in that Habit you might paſs for one in the Fair.

Pet. O, you talk merrily, my Taylor tells me it is the neweſt Faſhion: But where's my *Peg*? I ſtay too long from her, the Morning wears, 'tis Time we were at Church.

Tran. Why you won't viſit her thus?

Pet. Marry, but I will.

Saun. And ſea will *Sauny* tea, Sir.

Beau. But you will not Marry her ſo, will you?

Saun. A my Saul ſal he, Sir.

Pet. To me ſhe's Married, not to my Cloaths; will ye along Father and Gentlemen? I'll go to Church immediately, not tarry a Minute.

Saun. Here ye, Sir, ye ſal Marry after the *Scotch* Directory, then gin ye like her not, ye maw put her awaw; how ſay ye now? [*Exit.* Pet. *and* Saun.

Tran. He has ſome Meaning in this mad Attire, but you muſt perſwade him to put on a better, 'ere he goes to Church.

Beau. Let's after and ſee what will become of it. [*Exit.*

Tran. Well, Sir, you find there's no other Way, 'tis too ſhort Warning to get your Father up; ſhou'd you ſteal the Match, who knows but both the old Fools wou'd ſo deeply reſent it to your Prejudice.

Win. Why, prithee this Way it will be ſtolen, for 'tis but a Cheat, which will be in a little Time diſcover'd.

Tran. That's all one, it carries a better Face, and we ſhall have the more Sport: Beſides, 'ere it comes out, your Father may be wrought to like it, and confirm my Promiſes; ſhe is ſuitable to you every Way, and ſhe is rich enough to do it, and loves you well enough beſides.

Win. Well, if it muſt be ſo, let's contrive it handſomely.

Tran. Let me alone, *Jemmy* ſhall do the Buſineſs, he ſhall find out ſome Knight of the Poſt, that ſhall be old Sir *Lyon Winlove* here, and make Aſſurance of a greater Jointure than I propos'd; ne'er fear it, Sir, I'll ſo inſtruct him, it ſhall be carried without the leaſt Suſpicion.

Win. Ay, but you know old *Beaufoy* knows my Father.

Tran. That's nothing, 'tis ſo many Years ſince he ſaw him, he will never diſtinguiſh him by his Face.

Win. This may be done; but notwithſtandiug all, did not my fellow Teacher, that damn'd Lute-Maſter, ſo nearly watch us, 'twou'd not be amiſs to ſteal a Marriage, and that once perform'd, let all the World ſay no, I'll keep my own.

Tran.

Tran. That we may think on too: This ſame Lute-Maſter I more than half ſuſpect.

Win. And ſo do I.

Tran. I have miſs'd a Gentleman out of the Gang a good while; but let that paſs, I have already ſent *Jemmy* to find a Man.

Enter Woodall.

To our Poſtures, here's Mr. *Woodall*, he muſt be chous'd too among the reſt. Save you, Sir; came you from the Church?

Wood. As willingly as e'er I came from School.

Tran. And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home?

Wood. A Bridegroom! Why, he's a Bridegroom for the Devil; a Devil, a very Fiend.

Tran. Why ſhe's a Devil, an errant Devil; nay, the Devil's Dam.

Wood But ſhe's a Lamb, a Dove, a Child to him: When the Prieſt ask'd if he would take *Margaret* for his Wife, I by God's Wounds, quoth he, and ſwore ſo loud! that all amaz'd, the Prieſt let fall the Book; and as the Sexton ſtoop'd to take it up, this mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him ſuch a Cuff, that down fell Sexton, Book, and all again; now take it up, quoth he, if any lift.

Tran. What ſaid the poor Bride to this?

Wood. Trembled and ſhook like an Aſpen-Leaf; after this, juſt as the Parſon joyn'd their Hands, he call'd to his roguiſh *Scotchman* for a Glaſs of *Muſcadine*, drank his Wife's Health, and threw the Toaſt in the Clerk's Face, becauſe his Beard grew thin and hungry; then took the Bride about the Neck and gave her ſuch a Smack the Church eccho'd again; the Sight of this made me run away for ſhame. I know they are following by this Time; but hearк, I hear the Minſtrels. [*Muſick.*

Enter Beauſoy, Petruchio, Margaret, Biancha, Geraldo, Sauny, *&c.*

Pet. Gentlemen and Friends, I thank you for your Pains; I know you think to Dine with me to Day, and have prepar'd great Store of Wedding Chear; but

ſo it is, grand Buſineſs calls me hence, and I muſt take my Leave.

Beau. Is't poſſible you will away to Night?

Pet. I muſt immediately, if you knew my Buſineſs you wou'd not wonder: Well, honeſt Gentlemen, I thank you all, that have beheld me give away my ſelf to this moſt patient, ſweet and virtuous Wife; Dine with my Father here, and drink my Health, for I muſt hence, ſo farewel to you all.

Saun. Wuns will ye nea eat your Wadden Dunner, Sir?

Tran. Let us intreat you to ſtay 'till after Dinner.

Pet. It muſt not be.

Marg. Let me intreat you.

Pet. That will do much, I am content.

Marg. Are you content to ſtay?

Pet I am content you ſhou'd intreat me, but yet I will not ſtay, intreat me how you can.

Marg. Now if you love me ſtay.

Pet. I cannot; *Sauny* the Horſes.

Saun. They have nea eat their Wadden Dunner yet.

Pet. Sirrah, get the Horſes.

Marg. Nay, then, do what thou canſt, I won't go to Day, nor to Morrow, nor 'till I pleaſe my ſelf. The Door is open, Sir, there lies your Way, you may be jogging while your Boots be green.

Pet. O *Peg*, content thee, prithee be not angry.

Marg. I will be angry, what haſt thou to do? Father be quiet, he ſhall ſtay my Leiſure.

Wood. Ay marry, Sir, now it begins to work.

Marg. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridal Dinner; I ſee a Woman may be made a Fool of, if ſhe want Spirit to reſiſt.

Pet. They ſhall go forward, *Peg*, at thy Command; obey the Bride, you that attend on her. Go to the Feaſt, Revel, Carouſe, and Dance, be Mad, or Merry, or go hang your ſelves; but for my bonny *Peg*, ſhe muſt with me; nay, look not big upon't, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret; come, come, gently, ſo, ſo, ſo, that's my good *Peg*, I will be Maſter of my own; ſhe is my proper

per Goods and Chattels; my Houſe, my Ox, my Aſs, my any Thing; look here ſhe ſtands, touch her who dare; I'll make him ſmoak that offers to ſtop me in my Way. *Sauny*; unſheath thy Dudgeon Dagger, we are beſet with Thieves; reſcue thy Miſtreſs if thou art a Man: Fear not ſweet Wench, I'll Buckler thee againſt a Million; nay, come.

Marg. Will none of you help me?

Saun. The Deel a Bit of Dunner ye gat. Gud an ye woud ſpeak to your Cuke to gi *Sauny* a little Mutton and Porridge to put in his Wallet. [*Exeunt* Pet. Marg. Saun.

Beau. Nay, let 'em go, a Couple of quiet ones.

Tran. Never was ſo mad a Match.

Beau. Well, Gentlemen, let's in, we have a Dinner, although we want a Bride and Bridegroom to it; *Biancha* you ſhall take your Siſter's Room, and Mr. *Winlove*, you may practice for a Bridegroom. [*Exeunt.*

Wood. Monſieur, how do ye find my Miſtreſs inclin'd?

Win. Me can no tell dat yet, but in Time Monſieur ſal inform you.

Wood. Pray ply her cloſe; here's ſomething for you. [*Exit* Woodall.

Win. Me tank you, Sir; ha, ha, I muſt go tell this to my *Biancha*. [*Exit* Winlove.

Tran. Hark ye, Sir, you may inform me. Pray what think you, does Madam *Biancha* fancy any other but my ſelf? She bears me fair in Hand; pray diſcover, Sir? I ſhall not be ungrateful.

Ger. Troth, Sir, I think ſhe's as all other Women are.

Tran. How is that pray?

Ger. Why fickle and fooliſh?

Tran. Why d'ye think ſo of her? She was always held diſcreet.

Ger. No ſober Man will think ſo; I tell you, Sir, ſhe cares neither for you, nor any Man that's worth caring for; ſhe's fallen in Love with a Monſieur *Jackdaw*, a Fellow that teaches bad *French*, in worſe *Engliſh*.

Tran. That Fellow! Why, 'tis impoſſible.

Ger. 'Tis true tho'.

Ger. If he were, he has ſpoken one Word for him, and two for himſelf.

Tran. Why, I am confident he was employ'd by old *Woodall* as his Inſtrument to court her for him.

Enter Winlove *leading* Biancha.

See here they come Hand in Hand, ſtand cloſe, perhaps your Eyes may convince you.

Win. Madam, you need not doubt my Paſſion; by thoſe fair Eyes I ſwear (an Oath inviolable) you have made a Conqueſt over me ſo abſolute, that I muſt die your Captive.

Tran. What does he ſay? What does he ſay?

Ger. I cannot hear, liſten.

Bian. I muſt believe you, Sir; there's ſome ſtrange Power attends your Words; your attractive Actions, and your Perſon, which is too ſtrong for my weak Reſiſtance; you have won, but do not boaſt your Victory.

Tran. Nay, then I ſee 'tis ſo, I cannot hold! Madam, you muſt forgive my Interruption; you have us'd me kindly, fool'd me with fine Hopes; your Monſieur there has read excellent Leſſons to you.

Bian. Sir, I underſtand you not.

Ger. That is, you won't.

Win. What be de Matter, Monſieur Fidler?

Ger. No Fidler, nor no Lutaniſt, Monſieur; *no Point*, but one that ſcorns to live in a Diſguiſe; for ſuch a one as leaves a Gentleman, to doat upon a *Pardonnez moy*, Jack-pudding; know, I am a Gentleman, my Name *Geraldo*.

Bian. Alas, Sir; and have you been my Maſter all this while, and I never knew it?

Ger. Yes, ſweet Lady, you did know it; I ſee you have a little Spice of *Peg* in you: But I have done with you: Mr. *Winlove*, pray tell me, don't you hate this Gentlewoman now?

Tran. I cannot ſay I hate her; but I'm ſure I don't love her for this Day's Work; wou'd ſhe court me, I ſwear I wou'd not have her.

Ger.

Ger. Nor I, by Heavens; I have ſworn, and will keep my Oath.

Bian. Why, Gentlemen, I hope you will not both give the Willow-Garland.

Ger. Go, go, you are a ſcurvy Woman; I have a Widow that has lov'd me as long as I have lov'd you. Sweet Lady, I am not Bankrupt for a Miſtreſs: 'Tis true, ſhe's ſomething of your Siſter's Humour, a little *Way-ward*; but one Three Day's Time at the *Taming-School*, will make her vye with any Wife in *England*; and then I can paſs by you unconcern'd.

Bian. The *Taming-School!* For Heaven's Sake, where is that, Sir?

Ger. Why your Brother *Petruchio*'s Houſe: I doubt you muſt there too, 'ere you'll be good for any Thing; I'll to him immediately: Farewel thou vile Woman. [*Ex.*

Bian. Ha, ha, ha, this is excellent.

Tran. Madam, I beg your Pardon; but I hope my Boldneſs with you, has done my Maſter ſome Service.

Win. Believe me it has *Tranio*, and I muſt thank thee.

Enter Jemmy.

Now, Sirrah, Whether away in ſuch haſte?

Jem. O, Maſter, I have found him.

Win What? Who haſt thou found?

Jem. A rare old Sinner in the *Temple-Cloyſters* will do the Feat to a Hair

Bian. What Feat? What's to be done?

Win. That which I told you of my Faireſt: Where is he?

Jem. Here, here, he walks in the Court.

Bian. Well, I muſt in, or I ſhall be miſs'd. Carry the Matter handſomely, and let me not ſuffer. [*Exit.*

Win. Fear not, Madam, call him in *Tranio*. You muſt inſtruct him; I'll not be ſeen in't. [*Exit.*

Enter Jemmy *and* Snatchpenny.

Tran. Now Friend, what are you?

Snatch. Any Thing that you pleaſe, Sir.

Tran. Any Thing: Why, what can you do?

Snatch.

Snatch, Any Thing, for ſo much as concerns *Swearing* and *Lying* to your Worpſhip's Service; and to get an *honeſt Livehood*, ſo pleaſe you to employ me.

Tran. Why thou may'ſt ſerve turn I think; but I'll put thee to no *Swearing*, *bare Lying* and *Impundence* will ſerve for my Occaſion; you muſt bate of the Price for that.

Snatch. Faith, Sir, they're both of a Price, take 'em or leave 'em.

Tran. But can'ſt thou manage and carry off a good well contriv'd Lye, to the beſt Advantage?

Snatch. I ſhould be very ſorry elſe; it has been my Trade theſe Seven and Thirty Years; never fear it, Sir.

Jem. Nay, I pickt him out amongſt half a Score; I fancy'd he had the beſt lying Face amongſt 'em.

Tran. Well, come along with me, and I'll Inſtruct you; but if you fail, look to your Ears, if you have any.

Snatch. I'll venture Neck and all to do it, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Sauny *and* Curtis *ſeverally*. Petruchio's *Houſe.*

Curt. Honeſt *Sauny*, welcome, welcome.

Saun. *Sauny*'s Hungry; can't you gat a little Meat, Sir?

Curt. Yes, yes, *Sauny*.

Saun. Ye mun gat a geud Fire, Sir? Mrs. Bride has gat a faw intul a Dike, ſhe's aw wet, Sir; gud ſhe has not a dry thread to her Arſe

Curt. Is *Maſter* and *Miſtreſs* coming *Sauny*?

Saun. Gud are they, gin they be nea frozen to the ground; bo where's your Fire, Man?

Curt. 'Tis making, 'tis making, all Things are ready; prithee what News, good *Sauny*, what kind of Woman is our Miſtreſs?

Saun Ken ye twa twanty Deels, Sir.

Curt. Marry, Heaven defend us.

Saun. Gud ſhe has ean twa twanty Deels, Iſe nea bate ye ean of 'em.

Curt. They ſay ſhe's a cruel Shrew.

Saun. O my ſaul, Sir, Iſe haud a thouſand Pund, ſhe's ſet up her Tang, and Scaud fro *Edingbrough* to *London*, and nere draw bit for't.

Curt.

Curt. What ſhall we do then, there will be no living for us.

Saun. Gud will there not; wuns I think the Deel has ſlead off her Skin, and put his Dam intul't; bo where's *Philip* and *George* and *Gregory*,

Curt. They're all ready; what ho, come forth here, *Philip*, *George*, *Joſeph*, *Nick*, where are you?

Enter 4 *or* 5 Serving-Men.

Philip. Honeſt *Sauny*, welcome Home.

Saun. Gat me ſome Meat, and I'll believe ye, Sir.

Geor. I am glad to ſee thee *Sauny*.

Saun Gat me a Drink, and Iſe believe ye tea.

Joſeph. What, *Sauny* come to Town again, welcome?

Saun. Wuns, walcome, walcome, gat me geud Meat and Drink, that is walcome, Sir.

Nick. Old luſty Fellow *Sauny*, welcome.

Saun. How d'ye *Wully?*

Nick. D'ye hear the News, *Sauny? Wully Watts* is Dead.

Saun. S'blead, nea Man that geas on twa Leggs cou'd ſlay *Wully Watts*, Sir.

Nick. True; for he was fairly hang'd.

Saun. I was ſure nea Man that went on twa Leggs cou'd ſlay him.

Nick. You are in the right *Sauny*, for 'twas one with Three Leggs; 'twas Mr. *Tyburn*, for he was fairly hang'd.

Saun. S'blead ye Lye, Sir, the Gallows might kill him, and break his ſtout Heart; but it cou'd nea hang him: 'Tis hang an *Engliſh Man*.

Nick. Well, but what kind of Woman is our Miſtreſs, *Sauny?*

Saun. You'l ken ſoon enough 'tea your Sorrow, and wea, Sir; ye've aw twa Luggs apiece o' your Head: A my Saul Iſe nea gea ye twa Pennys for them by 'th' Morn: How ſay ye now?

Enter Petruchio *and* Margaret.

Pet. Where are theſe Idle Rogues? What no more at Door to hold my Stirrup, or take my Horſes? Where's *Curtis*, *Philip*, *Nick* and *Gregory?* *All.*

All. Here, here, here, Sir.

Pet. Here, here, here, you Loggerhead Currs; what, no Attendance, no Regard, no Duty? Where's that Fooliſh Knave I ſent before.

Saun. Wuns, Sir, Iſe be ſea hungry, and ſea empty, ye may travel quite through me, and nere ſaw your Fingers, Sir.

Pet. You Mangy Rogue, did not I bid you meet me in the Park, and bring theſe Roſcals with you?

Saun. Gud did ye, Sir; bo Iſe ſea hungry, Iſe ha nea Memory, deliver your Meſſage your ſel, Sir.

Pet. Be gone you Slaves, and fetch my Supper in; Rogues do I ſpeak, and don't you fly to make haſte? [*Exit 2 or 3 Servants.* Set down *Peg*, and Welcome. Why when I Pray, nay good ſweet *Peg* be Merry, theſe are Country Clowniſh Fellows; prithee be Merry: Off with my Boots, Sirrah, you Rogues, ye Villains, When

SINGS.

It was the Orders of the Fryar Gray,
As forth he walked on his Way.

Marg. Sure he will run himſelf out of Breath, and then it will be my turn.

Pet. Out you Rogue; you pluck my Boot awry; take that; *(Boxes him)* and mend it in pulling off the other. Be Merry *Peg*, ſome Water here, ho; where's my Spaniel, Sirrah? Make haſte and deſire my Couſin *Ferdinand* to come hither, one, *Peg*, you muſt kiſs, and be acpuainted with: Where are my Slippers? Shall I have ſome Water? Come, *Peg*, waſh and welcome heartily.

Saun. Wuns bo whare is the Meat to mack her welcome?

Marg. We ſhall fall out if we waſh together.

Pet. You whoreſon Villain, will you let it fall?

Marg. Pray, Sir, be patient, 'twas an unwilling Fault.

Table

Table cover'd. Enter Servants *with* Meat.

Pet. An idle, careleſs, beetle-headed Slave. Come, *Peg*, ſit down, I know you have a Stomach, will you give Thanks, ſweet *Peg*, or ſhall I? Or each for our ſelves? Come, fall to, what's this, Mutton?

Saun. Gud is it, Sir.

Pet. Who bought it?

Curt. I did, Sir.

Pet. You Raſcal you, 'tis not Mutton, 'tis the Breaſt of a Dog; what Curs are theſe? 'Tis dry'd and burnt to a Coal too, where is this Raſcal Cook? How dare you bring ſuch rotten Meat to my Table? What d'ye mean to Poyſon me, ye heedleſs Jolt-Heads? Ye ill manner'd Whelps, what d'ye grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.

Marg. Pray Husband be content, the Meat is good Meat; and I am very hungry, I muſt and will eat ſome of it.

Pet. Not for the World *Peg*, I Love thee better than ſo; 'tis burnt and will ingender Choler, a Diſeaſe we are both too Subject to; I love thee too well to give thee any Thing to hurt thee, we'll faſt to Night, to Morrow we'll make it up.

Marg. Say what you will, Sir, I'll eat ſome of it; did you bring me hither to ſtarve me?

Pet. Why ye Raſcals will ye ſtand Still and ſee your Miſtreſs Poyſon her ſelf? Take it away out of her Sight, quickly. [*Throws the Meat at 'em*, Sauny *gets it.*]

Saun. Gud *Sauny* will venture, Poyſon and 'twall.

Pet. Well *Peg*, this Night we'll faſt for Company; come, I'll bring thee to the Bridal Chamber.

Marg. I muſt eat ſomething, I ſhall be ſick elſe; but an Egg.

Pet. No, no, prithee don't talk on't; to Bed upon a full Stomach!

Marg. But a Cruſt of Bread.

Pet. To Morrow, to Merrow; come, prithee away. [*Exeunt.*

Geor. Did'ſt ever ſee the like?

Curt.

Curt. He kills her in her own Humour.

Phil. Have you ſaid Grace, *Sauny?*

Saun. Gud I was ſea hungry, I forgot Grace. O thou that haſt fill'd our Boyes and our Blathers, keep us aw from Whoredome and Secrecy.

Nick. Secrecy? Why *Sauny?*

Saun. Wuns Man, it is Witchcraft; Peace, you put me out with the Deel's Name to ye: Keep us aw from Whoredom and Secrecy, fro the Dinger o' the Swatch to the Gallow-Tree, keep us aw, we beſeech thee, take a Drink Man.

Phil. Are ye full now, *Sauny?*

Saun. As ſow as a Piper, ye may put ean Finger in at my Mouth, and another in at my Arſe, and feel both Ends o' my Dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, as in a Bed-Chamber, Petruchio, Peg, Servants *and* Sauny.

Pet. Where are you, you Rogues? Some Lights there; come *Peg* undreſs, to Bed, to Bed.

Marg. Pray ſend your Men away, and call for ſome of your Maids.

Pet. Maids, hang Maids, I have no ſuch Vermin about my Houſe, any of theſe will do as well: Here *Sauny*, come hither, Sirrah, and undreſs your Miſtreſs.

Saun. O my Saul, Sir, Iſe put on my Head-piece; now, an ye'll bind her Hands behind her, Iſe undreſs her. [*Goes to take up her Coats.*

Pet. What doſt thou do?

Saun. In *Scotland*, we awayes begin at the nether End of a bonny Laſs.

Pet. Who made this Bed? What Raſcals are theſe? Foh! Theſe Sheets are as muſty as the Devil, and what Rags are here upon my Bed? Is this a Counterpane? 'Tis a Diſhclout

Marg. Why the Counterpane is well enough, and rich enough, and the Sheets are as clean as may be.

Pet. Fie, fie, *Peg*, thou haſt got a Cold, and loſt thy Smelling; I tell thee they are damp and muſty, I would not have thee venture to lie in 'em for the World, it wou'd

wou'd be thy Death; here take 'em away, we muſt e'en ſit up, there's no Remedy.

Marg. Pray, Sir, talk not of ſitting up, I am ſo ſleepy I can't hold my Eyes open, I muſt to Bed.

Pet. I'll keep thee waking, I warrant thee; ho, *Curtis*, bring us a Flaggon of *March-Beer*, and ſome Tobacco, and clean Pipes, we'll be merry. [*Exit* Curtis.

Marg. Why what d'ye mean, are you mad?

Pet. Mad! Ay, what ſhould we do? I mean thou and I Hand to Fiſt, will drink a Health to my Father, and my Siſter, and all our good Friends at *London*.

Enter Servant *with* Beer *and* Tobacco.

Marg. Why you don't take me to be one of your fellow Toſpots?

Pet. I mean to teach thee to Drink; thou muſt learn that, or thou'rt no Wife for me: Here, *Peg*, to thee with all my Heart, a whole one, and thou art welcome; my Father's good Health, *Peg*, you ſhall pledge it.

Marg. I can't drink without eating; 'twill make me Sick.

Pet. Piſh, Piſh, that's but a Fancy; come, off with it, or thou ſhalt neither eat nor drink this Month.

Marg. Shall I go to Bed when I have drank it?

Saun. Gud an ye'd gi *Sauny* a little Drink, Madam.

Pet. Talk of that anon. [*She Drinks*] So, here, *Peg*, here's a Pipe I have fill'd for thee my ſelf; ſit down, and light it.

Marg. D'ye mean to make a meer Hackney-Horſe of me? What do you offer me your naſty Tobacco for?

Pet. Nay, ne'er make ſo ſhy, I know thou lov'ſt it; come, young Ladies are often troubled with the Tooth-Ach, and take it in their Chambers, though they won't appear good Fellows amongſt us; take it, or no Sleep, nor Meat, *Peg*, d'ye hear.

Marg. Yes, to my Grief; I won't be abus'd thus. [*Weeps.*

Pet. Nay, nay, go where thou wilt, I'll make thee ſmoak before I ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

D ACT

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Pet. Nay, nay, go where thou wilt, I'll make thee ſmoak before I ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

D ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Petruchio *and* Sauny.

Pet. SIrrah, wait on your Miſtreſs; ſay what you will to her, and vex her, but do not touch her; and let her have no Meat I charge ye.

Saun. 'Sbleed, Sir, ſend her into the *Highlands* in *Scotland*, there's Hunger and Caud enough, there ſhe may ſtarve her Bally ſoo.

Pet. Well, Sirrah, do as I direct you. [*Exit.*

Saun. O my Saul wull I, Sir; ye'll let me take my Head-piece to defend me, Sir?

Enter Margaret.

Marg. What *Gregory*, *Philip!* No Body near me? *Sauny*, Where are you?

Saun. Iſe e'en hard at your Arſe, Madam.

Marg. Where's your Maſter?

Saun. He's gone to the Market himſel, and he'll bring ye heam a braw Bull's Puzzle to ſwadle your Weam with.

Marg. And in the mean Time I am famiſh'd; was ever Woman us'd ſo damnably? I am ſtarv'd for Meat, giddy for want of Sleep; and that which Spites me more than all the reſt, is, he pretends 'tis out of Care and Love to me: Prithee, good *Sauny*, give me ſome Meat.

Saun. O my Saul, *Sauny* wou'd be hang'd; gin I ſud beſtow an aw'd liquor'd Boot, *Sauny* will cut it into Tripes to ſtuff your Weam with.

Marg. Good *Sauny*, here's Money for thee, but one little bit of any Thing to ſtay my fainting Spirits?

Saun. What will you eat a Bit of Beef?

Marg.

Marg. Ay, good *Sauny.*

Saun. Will ye eat ſome Muſtard to't?

Marg. Ay, good *Sauny*, quickly.

Saun. Muſtard is nea gud for your Tang, 'twill make it tea keen, and ye can ſcau'd faſt enough without.

Marg. Why then the Beef without Muſtard.

Saun. Gud Beef is nea geud without Muſtard: *Sauny* will fetch ye ſome Meal and Water, ye'ſt make ye a *Scotch* Pudding, ye'ſt Eat of that tull your Weam crack.

Marg. You abuſive Rogue take that, [*Beats him.*] Muſt I be brav'd thus by my own Servant?

Saun. The Dee'l waſh your Face with a Fou Clout.

Enter Geraldo.

Ger. Why, how now, Sirrah, will you ſtrike your Miſtreſs? You cowardly Rogue, ſtrike a Woman!

Saun. S'blead, Sir, d'ye caw a *Scotſman* a Coward? Gin Iſe had you in *Scotland*, Iſe put my Whinyard in your Weam, gin ye were as ſtout as *Gilderoy.*

Ger. Why *Gilderoy* was as errant a Coward as thou art.

Saun. Wuns, yeed be lath to keep the Grund that *Gilderoy* quits; yet, I muſt confeſs, he was a little Shamefac'd before the Enemy.

Marg. O, Mr. *Geraldo*, never was poor Woman ſo us'd. For Charity ſake convey me Home to my Father.

Enter Petruchio *with a Diſh of* Meat.

Pet. Here, *Peg*, here's Meat for thee, I have dreſs'd it my ſelf, my Dear; *Geraldo*, welcome, this was kindly done to viſit *Peg* and me; come, *Peg*, fall to, here's an excellent Piece of *Veal.*

Marg. Why, 'tis a *Pullet.*

Pet. Why, 'tis *Veal*; art thou mad?

Marg. You won't perſwade me out of my Senſes? 'Tis a *Pullet.*

Saun. Gud is it, Sir.

Pet. What an unhappy Man am I, my poor Dear *Peg*'s diſtracted, I always fear'd 'twould come to this. Take the Meat away, *Curtis*; is the Room ready as I order'd? Are the Lights damm'd up?

Curt. Yes, Sir.

Marg. Why, what d'ye mean to do with me?

Pet. Poor *Peg*, I pity thee; but thou ſhall want no Help for thy Cure; you muſt be kept from the Light, it troubles thy Brain.

Ger. I ſee I ſhall learn, he's an excellent Teacher.

Marg. Why, Sir, pray tell me, have you a mind to make me mad? This is the Way indeed: How have I injur'd you, that you uſe me thus inhumanly? Did you marry me to ſtarve me?

Saun. He means to bring down your Weam for a Race; for we aways cry a Nag with a Weam, but a Mare with nean.

Pet. No, no, good *Peg*, thou know'ſt I have a Care of thee; here's a Gown juſt brought Home for thee *Peg*. Now thou art empty it will ſit handſomely; where is the Taylor? Call him in *Sauny*; if it fits you, you ſhall put it on and we'll gallop o'er to *London*, and ſee your Father; your Siſter's Wedding is at Hand, you muſt help her.

Enter Taylor *with a Gown.*

Marg. If ſhe be match'd as I am, Heaven help her! But there's ſome Comfort in going Home; there's Meat and Sleeping-Room.

Pet. Come, Taylor, let's ſee the Gown; how now, what's here? Bleſs me, what maſquing Suit is this? What's this, a Sleeve? Why 'tis like a Demmy Cannon! Why what a Devil Taylor doſt thou mean? Is this a Gown?

Tay. A Gown, Sir! Yes, Sir, and a handſome Gown as any Man in *London* can make; 'tis the neweſt Faſhion lately come out of *France*.

Pet. What a lying Knave art thou? My great Grandmother's Picture in the matted Gallery is juſt ſuch another.

Saun. It is like the Picture of Queen *Margaret* in *Edinbrough* Caſtle, Sir.

Marg. I never ſaw a better faſhion'd Gown in my Life, more quaint, nor better ſhap'd: I like the Gown, and I'll have this Gown, or I'll have none; ſay what you will I like it, 'tis a handſome Gown.

Pet.

Pet. Why thou ſay'ſt true, *Peg*, 'tis an ugly paltry Gown. I am glad to hear thee of my Mind; 'tis a beaſtly Gown.

Marg. Why I ſay 'tis a good Gown, a handſome faſhionable Gown; what d'ye mean to make a Puppet of me?

Pet. Ay, this Fellow wou'd make a Puppet of thee.

Tay. She ſays your Worſhip means to make a Puppet of her.

Pet. Thou impudent lyiug Thread, Bodkin and Thimble, Flea; thou Nit, brave me in my own Houſe? Go take it, I'll ha' none on't.

Tay. Sir, I made it according to your Directions, and I cannot take it again.

Saun. Tak it awaw, or the Dee'l o' my Luggs, but yeſt tak my Whineyard.

Marg. He ſhall not take it agen; what need you trouble yourſelf about it, as long as it pleaſes me; lay it down there

Pet. Sirrah, take it away, I ſay, we ſhall find more Taylors; I won't have my Wife ſo antickly dreſs'd, that the Boys ſhould hoot at her.

Marg. Come, come, all this is but fooling; you don't underſtand what belongs to a Gown! Say what you will I'm reſolv'd to have it; if it were an ugly one I wou'd wear it, if it were but to croſs you.

Saun. Now the Deel's a cruppen intul her Mouth, Sir, you may ſee a little of his Tail hang out; it looks for aw the World as is were a Sting, Sir.

Pet. Why that's my good *Peg*, I know thou doſt not care for it; ſay no more prithee, thou ſhalt have another.

Marg. I know not what you mean to do with me; but methinks I might have leave to ſpeak, and ſpeak I will, I am no Child, no Baby; your Betters have endur'd me to ſpeak my Mind, and if you cannot you had beſt ſtop your Ears; 'tis better to ſet my Tongue at Liberty, than let my Heart break.

Pet. Speak *Peg*, by all means, ſay what thou wilt; Sirrah, carry that tawdry Thing away; *Geraldo*, tell him you'll ſee him paid, [*Aſide*] and bid him leave it. Come, what ſay'ſt thou *Peg?*

Ger. Leave the Gown in the naxt Room, Taylor, and take no Notice of what he ſays, I'll ſee you paid for't [*Aſide, Exit.*

Marg. Why, I ſay I will have that Gown, and every Thing I have a mind for; I did not bring you ſuch a Portion to be made a Fool of.

Pet. Very true, thou'rt in the right, *Peg:* Come, let's to Horſe, theſe Cloaths will ſerve turn at preſent, 'till we can get better. Go, Sirrah, lead the Horſes to the Land's End, thither we'll walk a Foot; let's ſee, I think 'tis about ſeven a Clock, we ſhall reach to my Father-in-law's by Dinner time, with Eaſe.

Marg. 'Tis almoſt Two, you cannot get thither by Supper-time.

Pet. It ſhall be Seven 'ere I go; why, what a Miſchief's this? What I ſay or do, you are ſtill croſſing it. Let the Horſes alone, I will not go to Day: and 'ere I do, it ſhall be what a Clock I pleaſe.

Marg. Nay, Sir, that ſhan't ſtop our Journey; 'tis Seven, or Two, or Nine, or what a-Cock you pleaſe; pray let's go.

Saun. Yeſt have it what Hour you wull, Sir.

Pet. Very well, it is ſo; get ready quickly; come *Geraldo*, let's all go, we ſhall help mend the Mirth at my Siſter's Wedding.

Ger. I'll wait on you.

Pet. Come *Peg*, get on your Things.

Marg. Let me but once ſee *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* again, and then thou ſhalt not tame me. [*Exit.*

Enter Tranio *and* Snatchpenny.

Tran Now, Sirrah, be but impudent enough, and keep State like the old Knight, and thou art made for ever.

Snatch. I warrant ye, Sir, I know it to a Hair; my Lord *Beaufoy* and I were School-fellows together at *Worceſter*; my Eſtate lies in the Vale of *Eveſham.* Three Thouſand Pounds a Year, and Fifteen Hundred a Year, I ſettle upon you, upon the Marriage: Let me alone, I am, Sir, *Lyonel* himſelf.

Tran. Right, right; excellent, brave; how now?

Enter

Enter Jemmy.

Jem. To your Poſtures old Sinner, be an exquiſite Raſcal, and then thou ſhalt be a Rogue Paramount; thou ſhalt lay the Dragon aſleep while my Maſter ſteals the Pippins.

Tran. Well, *Jemmy*, what haſt thou done?

Jem. I have been with my Lord *Beaufoy*, preſented your Father's, and your Service to him, and told him the old Knight was happily come to Town, and hearing of your Love to *Biancha*, was ſo overjoy'd, he would ſettle all upon you.

Tran. Well, and what ſaid he?

Jem. He gave me a Piece for my News; I told him, Sir *Lyonel* deſired his Company juſt now to treat upon the Match; he's coming in all haſte, he longs to be couzen'd, and *Snatchpenny* if thou doſt not do it ———

Snatch. Then hang me.

Jem. Mum, look to't, he's here.

Enter Beaufoy *and* Winlove.

Beau. Mr. *Winlove*, your Man tells me, your Father is juſt happily come to Town; where is he.

Tran. Here, Sir, this is my Father; Time has been too bold to wear ye out of each others Memory.

Snatch. Is this my Lord *Beaufoy*, Sir.

Tran. Yes, Sir.

Snatch. My Lord, your humble Servant; I'm happy at laſt to meet a Perſon I have formerly ſo much lov'd.

Beau. Noble Sir *Lyonel*, I joy to ſee you.

Snatch. O the merry Days that you and I have ſeen, my Lord; well fare the good old Times, I ſay.

Beau. Ay, Sir *Lyonel*, when you and I were acquainted firſt.

Snatch. Ay marry, they were Golden Days, indeed, no Couzening, no Cheating, the World is alter'd.

Beau. But we will remember theſe Times, and be honeſt ſtill.

Snatch. That's e'en the beſt Way; there's Hopes we may have honeſt Grand-Children too, if all be true as

I hear; my Son tells me, your Daughter has made a Captive of him.

Beau I wou'd ſhe were better for his Sake; ſhe's a good Girl, and a handſome one, though I ſay it; if ſhe were not, I wou'd give her ſomewhat ſhou'd make her ſo.

Tran. It takes rarely.

Snatch. I'm even overjoy'd that you think my Son worthy your Alliance. I'll give ſomething they ſhall make a Shift to live on; in Plain and in Brief, if you'll approve of it, I'll ſettle Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year upon him at preſent, which ſhall be her Jointure; after my Death, all I have with a good Will; what ſay you my Lord?

Beau. Sir *Lyonel*, your Freedom pleaſes me; I ſee you are an honeſt meaning Gentleman: The young Folks (if I am not miſtaken) like one another. Well, I ſay no more, it is a Match.

Tran. You bind me to you ever: Now I may boldly ſay, I am truly happy; where will you pleaſe to have the Buſineſs made up?

Beau. Not in my Houſe, Son; I wou'd have it private; Pitchers have Ears, and I have many Servants; beſides, old *Woodall* will be hind'ring of us; he's hearkening ſtill, and will be interrupting.

Tran. Then at my Lodging, there my Father lies, and there the Buſineſs may be all diſpatch'd: Send for your Daughter by this Gentleman! My Boy ſhall fetch a Scrivener preſently. The worſt on't is, 'tis too ſmall a Warning. You are like to have but ſlender Entertainment.

Beau. No Matter, No Matter; I ſhall like it.

Snatch. I wou'd feign ſee your Daughter, my Lord; I have heard great Commendations of her.

Beau. That you ſhall preſently; Monſieur, pray go to *Biancha*, and tell her from me, ſhe muſt come hither with you immediately; you may tell her too, if you will, what has happ'ned, and that ſhe muſt prepare to be Mr. *Winlove*'s Bride.

Win. My Lord, me vil fetch her preſant.

Tran. My Lord, will your Lordſhip pleaſe to walk in with my Father; this is my Lodging. *Beau.*

Beau. Ay, Sir; come, Sir *Lyonel*, I'll follow you.

Snatch. Good my Lord, I will wait upon you.

[*Exit* Beaufoy, Snatch. Tran.

Win. Thus far 'tis well carry'd on *Jemmy*; but how ſhall we proſecute it?

Jem. Why, there is but one Way in the World, Sir.

Win. And what's that?

Jem. Why thus; I have got a Parſon ready for the Purpoſe; when you have got *Biancha* abroad, whip her into *Covent-Garden* Church, and there marry her, and your Work's done.

Win. Troth, thou ſay'ſt true; but is the Parſon Orthodox and Canonical? I would not have an *Obadiah* to make us enter into Covenant of Matrimony.

Jem. Truſt me, Sir, he's as true as Steel; he ſays all Matrimony without Book; he can Chriſten, Wed, and Bury blindfold.

Win. Well, I'll take thy Counſel, if I can perſwade her to't, as I hope I ſhall, for I know ſhe loves me; fair Luck betide me: But who comes here.

Enter Woodall.

Jem. 'Tis the Old Grub *Woodall*; what ſhall we do with him?

Win. We muſt contrive ſome Way to get him off.

Wood. I don't like thoſe ſhuffling Matters; I doubt there's ſome falſe Play towards me in Hand: Here's my Monſieur, he may inform me —— Monſieur.

Win. Que dites vous, Monſieur, Monſieur, your Servant.

Wood. Monſieur, prithee tell me, if thou can'ſt, how Affairs go, Things are carried very cloſely; how ſtands my Miſtreſs affected?

Win. Ma foy, Monſieur; me tell you de bad News in the Varld, Madamoiſelle *Biancha* no ſtand affected to you at all. My Lord has ſent me to fetch her juſt now to be marry to Monſieur, Vat you call? Monſieur *Le*——

Wood. What not to *Winlove?*

Win. Yes, to Monſieur *Winlove*; begar me be very ſorry, but me can no help dat.

Wood. Is old *Beaufoy* mad to match her to him without his Father's Privity.

Win:

Win. Here be de ver fine old Man, new come to Town, me Lord be wid him now.

Wood. Upon my Life, old Sir *Lyonel*; nay, then ſhe's loſt quite; heark you, Monſieur, yet 'tis in your Power to make me a happy Man.

Win. O Monſieur, me be your humble Servant.

Wood. Why, look you, you are to fetch her; here's Forty Pound in Gold to buy you a Pair of Gloves, let me take her from you, as you are carrying her thither; I will have two or three with me, and you may ſafely ſay ſhe was forc'd from you.

Win. Monſieur, begar me do you all de Service in the Varld, but me ſal be de grand Sheat, Knave then.

Wood. That's nothing, here's more Money, I'll ſave you harmleſs; come, you ſhall do it.

Win. Monſieur, me have no Mind to be von Knave, but to do you Service, if you will meet me upon de Street.

Wood. Fear not, I'll ſecure you, honeſt Monſieur, farewel; I will be your Friend for ever. [*Exit.*

Win. Ha, ha, ha, this is rare: What an Aſs this Fellow will make himſelf, do what we can? Here, *Jemmy*, thou ſhalt ſhare with me.

Jem. Thank you, Sir; wou'd we had ſuch a Windfall every Day: But come, Sir, you muſt make haſte, this is the Critical Minute; if you miſs it, you loſe *Biancha*.

Win. Thy Counſel's good, away; I'll buy a Ring, and pay the Prieſt with ſome of *Woodall*'s Money; ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Petruchio, Margaret, Geraldo *and* Sauny.

Pet. Walk your Horſes down the Hill before, we ſhall reach *London* time enough, 'tis a fair Night: How bright and goodly the Moon ſhines?

Marg. The Moon! The Sun, 'tis not the Moon-light now.

Pet. I ſay, 'tis the Moon that ſhines ſo bright.

Marg. I ſay, 'tis the Sun that ſhines ſo bright.

Pet. Now by my Mother's-Son, and that's my ſelf, it ſhall be the Moon-light, or what I pleaſe, before you ſet Sight of your Father's Houſe; Sirrah, go fetch the Horſes

Horſes back; evermore croſs'd, and croſs'd, and nothing but croſs'd.

Ger. Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.

Marg. Forward, I pray, Sir, ſince we are come ſo far; and be it Sun, or Moon, or what you pleaſe; nay, if you call it a Ruſh-Candle, henceforth it ſhall be ſo for me.

Pet. I ſay 'tis the Moon.

Saun. S'blead, but I ſay nay, Sir; out, out, 'a Lies.

Marg. I know 'tis the Moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lye, 'tis the bleſſed Sun.

Marg. Why, Heaven be bleſs'd for it, 'tis even what you have a Mind to; pray let us forward.

Ger. Petruchio, go thy Way, the Field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward; now the Bowl runs with a right Byas, but ſoft; here's Company.

Enter Sir Lyonel Winlove.

Sir *Lyon.* Boy, bid the Coachman drive gently down the Hill; I wonder I meet, nor overtake no Paſſengers to Day; ſtay, I think here are ſome.

Pet. I will have one Bout more with thee, *Peg*; good-morrow gentle Lady; which way Travel you? Come hither, *Peg*; did'ſt thou ever behold ſo exquiſite a Beauty as this fair Virgin bears about? Go to her, *Peg*, and Salute her.

Marg. Are you Mad, 'tis an old Man.

Pet. Beat back agen then, ſtill croſs? Will you do it?

Saun. Why i'th' Deel's Name, what mean ye? It's nea bonny Laſs, Sir; S'blead, it's an aw faw Thefe.

Ger. He'll make this Old Man mad.

Marg. You budding Virgin, ſo fair, ſo ſweet, ſo freſh, which way travel you? How happy ſhou'd we be in the Enjoyment of ſo fair a Fellow-Traveller.

Saun. The Dee'l has built a Bird's-Neſt in your Head; gud, ye'r as mad as he; and he as mad as gin he were the Son of a *March* Hare, Sir.

Sir *Lyon.* Why, what do ye mean, Gentlewoman.

Pet. Why how now, *Peg*, I hope thou art not mad: A Virgin Quotha! 'Tis an old wrinckl'd wither'd Man.

Marg.

Marg. Reverend Sir, pardon my miſtaking Eyes, that have been ſo dazzled with the Moon (*Sun* I mean.) I cou'd not diſtinguiſh you; I now perceive you are a grave old Man, pray excuſe me.

Sir *Lyon.* Indeed you are a merry Lady; your Encounter has amaz'd me. But I like ſuch chearful Company; I am for *London* to ſee a Son of mine, that went lately from me thither.

Pet. We ſhall be glad of your Company; you muſt pardon my Wife's Error, ſhe has not ſlept well to Night; and I cou'd not preſwade her, but ſhe wou'd come out Faſting, which makes her Fancy a little extravagant.

Saun. The Dee'l o' my Saul but yea are a falſe Trundle Tail Tike, the Deel a bit hee'd lat her eat theſe three Days, Sir.

Marg. Curſe upon your Excuſe, and the Cauſe of it; I cou'd have eaten my Shoe-ſoles, if I might have had 'em fry'd.

Pet. Your Name, I beſeech you, Sir.

Sir *Lyon.* I am call'd Sir *Lyonel Winlove* in the Country.

Pet. Father to young Mr. *Winlove?*

Sir *Lyon.* The ſame, Sir.

Pet. Then I am happy indeed to have met you; I can tell you ſome News, prehaps may not be unwelcome to you Your Son is in a fair Probability of calling me Brother within theſe two Days.

Sir *Lyon.* How ſo I pray, Sir?

Pet. Why he's upon Marrying my Wife's Siſter, my Lord *Beaufoy*'s youngeſt Daughter. A brave Match, I can aſſure you, and a ſweet Bedfellow.

Saun. Gud ſhe's tea geud for any Mon but *Sauny*; Gud gin poor *Sauny* had her in *Scotland*, wun's I'de ſea Swing her about.

Sir *Lyon.* You amaze me! Is this true? Or have you a Mind, like a pleaſant Traveller, to break a Jeſt on the Company you overtake?

Ger. Upon my Word, Sir, 'tis very true; 'twas ſo deſign'd; but I don't think he'll marry her, he's Forſworn if he do.

Sir

Sir *Lyon.* You make me wonder more and more.

Pet. Mind him not, he's a Party concern'd, 'tis true.

Sir *Lyon.* Pray, Gentlemen, let's make haſte; I muſt look after this Buſineſs, it ſounds ſtrangely; he wou'd not do't without my Conſent; he's my only Son, my Heir, the Prop of my Family, I muſt be careful.

Pet. I ſee you are Jealous, Sir; but you need not; he cannot have a better Match.

Sir *Lyon.* I doubt it not, if all be fair; I ſhould be glad of my Lord *Beaufoy*'s Alliance; he was my School-fellow: But Time, I doubt, has worn out our old Acquaintance: Gentlemen, I muſt haſten to prevent the worſt.

Saun. What mean ye, Sir? Yea will nea bawk the bonny Lad, and tak fro his Mantle, Sir.

Ger. Well, *Petruchio*, thou haſt put me in a Heat, have at my Widow now. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Winlove, Biancha, Jemmy.

Win. How good you are my Fair one: *Jemmy*, art ſure the Prieſt is ready for us?

Jem. I warrant you, Sir; pray make haſte, ſome Devil or other may come elſe and croſs it. Don't ſtay Thrumming of Caps; here, Body o' me away, here's *Woodall*, ſhift for your ſelves, all will be ſpoil'd elſe. [*Exit* Win. *and* Bian.

Enter Woodall *with three or four Fellows.*

Wood. Be ſure you ſeize on her, and clap her into a Chair, and one ſtop her Mouth; fear not, I'll ſave you harmleſs.

1*ſt Fellow.* I warrant you, Sir.

Wood. What a Devil makes this Rogue Poaching here?

Jem. Tum, te Dum, te Dum, Sing Old Coal of *London.* [*Sings.*

Wood. Now, *Jemmy*, what walk you here for?

Jem. Why to look about me; te Dum, te Dum, *&c.*

Wood. They ſay your Maſter is to be marry'd to Madam *Biancha* to Day.

Jem. Why then we will be merry at Night; te Dum te Dum, *&c.*

Wood. The Rogue won't be gone: What, haſt no Buſineſs? Thou look'ſt as if thou hadſt not drank to Day, there's ſomething for thee; go get thy Morning's Draught.

Jem. I thank your Worſhip: Will you take Part of a Pot of Ale and a Toaſt.

Wood. No, Sirrah, I drank Coffee this Morning.

[*Exit.* Jemmy.

So, he's gone; I wonder Monſieur appears not with *Biancha.*

Enter Petruchio, Margaret, *Sir* Lyonel, Geraldo, *and* Sauny, *with Attendance.*

Wood. Ha, who comes there?

Ger. Now you are there I'll take my Leave; your Servant. [*Exit.*

Pet. Sir *Lyonel,* you are welcome to Town; there's your Son's Lodgings; my Father lives on the other Side; thither we muſt go, and therefore here I take my Leave.

Sir *Lyon.* Pray ſtay a little, may be he's not within; if ſo, I'll wait upon you to the Lord *Beaufoy.*

Saun. O' my Sol, nea ean cou'd have beg'd [*Knocks*] Dunner better than this awd Thief has done.

Wood. They are all buſie within, Sir; you muſt *Knock* louder if you mean to be heard. [*Snatchpenny above.*

Snatch. Who is that *Knocks,* as if he wou'd beat down the Gate.

Sir *Lyon.* Is Mr. *Winlove* within?

Snatch. He is within, but not to be ſpoken with.

Sir *Lyon.* What if a Man bring him a Hundred Pounds or two, to make merry withal.

Snatch. Keep your Hundred Pounds for your ſelf, he ſhall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, Sir, your Son was well belov'd in *London.* D'ye here, Sir, leaving your frivolous Circumſtances, pray tell him, his Father's juſt now come out of the Country to ſee him, and is here at the Door to ſpeak with him.

Snatch. That is a Lye, Sir: His Father came to Town Yeſterday, and is now here looking out at Window.

Sir *Lyon.* The Devil he is; are you his Father?

Snatch.

Snatch. Yes, Sir ; ſo his Mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Saun. Can they hang him for having twa Father's, Sir? Gud and 'twas ſea, poor *Sauny* wou'd be hang'd ſure enough.

Pet. Why, haſt thou two Fathers?

Saun. Gud have I, and Twa, and Twa to that, Sir.

Pet. Why, how now Gentlemen, this is flat Knavery, to take another Man's Name upon you?

Snatch. Lay Hands upon this Villain, I believe he means to cheat ſome Body here, under my Counter-Name.

Enter Jemmy.

Jem. I have ſeen the Church on their Back, ſend them good Speeding: Ha, how now, my old Maſter, Sir *Lyonel?* S'foot, we are all loſt, undone ; I muſt brazen it out.

Sir *Lyon.* Come hither, Crack-Hemp.

Jem. You may ſave me that Labour, and come to me, if you have any Thing to ſay to me.

Sir *Lyon.* Come hither you Rogue ; what have you forgot me?

Jem. Forgot you, Sir? I cou'd not forget you; for I never ſaw you in all my Life before.

Sir *Lyon.* You notorious Villain, didſt thou never ſee thy Maſter's Father, Sir *Lyonel Winlove?*

Jem. What my Worſhipful old Maſter? Yes, marry, Sir: See where his Worſhip looks out of the Window.

Sir *Lyon.* Does he ſo, Sir? I'll make you find him below Stairs. [*Beats him.*

Jem. Help, help, here's a Mad-Man will Murder me.

Saun. Dea caw your ſel *Jemmy?* And wull ye be beten by an aw faw Theſe? An yea caw your ſel *Jemmy* eance meare, Iſe bang ye tea Clootes, breed a Gud will I, Sir.

Snatch. Help Son, help Brother *Beaufoy*, *Jemmy* will be kill'd.

Pet. Prithee *Peg* ſtand by to ſee this Controverſy.

Enter

Enter Snatchpenny *with Servants,* Beaufoy *and* Tranio.

Tran. S'heart, 'tis Sir *Lyonel*; but we muſt bear it a little Time: Sir, what are you that offer to beat my Servants?

Sir *Lyon.* What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? O Heaven what do I ſee! O fine Villains, I'm undone, while I play the good Husband at Home in the Country, my Son, and my Servants ſpend my Eſtate laviſhly at *London.*

Saun. Your Son ſal allow you Siller to keep an Awd Wutch to rub your Shins; and what to anger wou'd ye ha meer, Sir?

Tran. How now, what's the Matter?

Beau. Is the Man Frantick?

Tran. Sir, You ſeem a ſober antient Gentleman by your Habit; but your Words ſhew you Mad-Man: Why, Sir, what Concerns it you what rich Cloaths I wear? I thank my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

Sir *Lyon.* Thy Father! O Villain! He's a Hempdreſſer in *Partha.*

Saun. Marry the Deel ſtuff his Wem ſow a Hemp, and his Dam Spin it out at his Arſe.

Beau. You miſtake, you miſtake; what d'ye think his Name is?

Sir *Lyon.* His Name; as if I knew not his Nume, I have bred him up e'er ſince he was Three Years old, and his Name is *Tranio.*

Snatch. Away, away, mad Aſs, his Name is *Winlove*; my only Son, and Heir to all my Eſtate in the Vale of *Eveſham.*

Sir *Lyon.* Heavens! He has murther'd his Maſter; lay hold on him. I charge you in the King's Name, O my Son, tell me thou Villain, where is my Son *Winlove?*

Tran. Run for an Officer to carry this mad Knave to the Jayl; lay hold on him I charge ye, and ſee him forthcoming.

Saun. Awa, awa with the Hampdreſſer, Sir.

Sir *Lyon.* Carry me to the Jayl ye Villains!

Pet. Hold Gentlemen; your bleſſing Father.

Beau.

Beau. Son *Petruchio* welcome. You have it, and you *Peg*, how d'ye? Know ye any Thing of this Matter?

Pet. My Lord, take heed what you do; ſo much I know; I dare ſwear this is Sir *Lyonel Winlove*, and that a Counterfeit.

Saun. Wuns, I think ſea tea, gud an ye pleaſe Iſe take the *Covenant* on't.

Wood. So durſt I ſwear too almoſt.

Snatch. Swear if thou durſt.

Wood. Sir, I dare not ſwear Point Blank.

Tran. You had beſt ſwear, I am not *Winlove* neither.

Wood. Yes, I know you to be Mr. *Winlove*.

Beau. Away with the Dotard, away with him to my Lodgings for the preſent, 'till we can get a Conſtable to charge him with; we have a Hubbub in the Streets, drag him, I ſay.

Sir *Lyon.* Rogues, Villains, Murderers! I ſhall have Juſtice. [*Exit with Sir* Lyonel.

Wood. Theſe are ſtrange Paſſages, I know not what to think of 'em: But I am glad *Biancha* came not when they were here; ſure my Monſieur will not fail me.

Enter Winlove *and* Biancha.

Win. Now, my *Biancha*, I am truly Happy; our Loves ſhall like the Spring be ever growing.

Bian. But how ſhall we eſcape my Father's Anger?

Win. Fear not, I'll warrant thee.

Wood. O here's *Biancha*; how now, Monſieur brave, what Fancy's this?

Win. O Monſieur, te Vous la Mains; how d'ye do, good Mr. *Woodall*, how d'ye like my new Bride?

Wood. How, how, how, Sir, your Bride? Seize on her quickly.

Win. Hands off, ſhe's my Wife, touch her who dares; will you have your Teeth pick'd? What d'ye think of giving 20 Pieces to teach your Miſtreſs *French?*

Wood. O Rogue, I'll have thee hang'd.

Win. Or 40 Pieces to buy a Pair of Gloves, to let you ſteal Madam *Biancha:* This Ring was bought with ſome of it, ha, ha, ha.

Wood. Down with him, down with him, a damn'd Raſcal.

Win. I, do, which of you has a Mind to breathe a Vein?

2 *Fell.* Nay, if ſhe be his Wife we dare not touch her.

Wood. I'll fetch ſome Body that ſhall, O Devil.

[*Exit.*

Win. Ay do, I am your poor Monſieur, ha, ha, ha: Fear not, *Biancha*, he'll fetch 'em all I know; I warrant thee, we ſhall appeaſe thy Father eaſily.

Bian. Truſt me, Sir, I fear the Storm.

Enter Beaufoy, Tranio, Petruchio, Margaret, Sauny, Snatchpenny, Jemmy, *Sir* Lyonel, Woodall, *and Attendants.*

Wood. That Rogue, that damn'd counterfeit *Frenchman* has ſtol'n your Danghter and married her; here they are.

Win. Bleſs me, what do I ſee yonder, my Father in earneſt? Dear Sir, your Bleſſing, and your Pardon.

Sir *Lyon.* My dear Son, art thou alive? Then take it.

Bian. I muſt beg your Pardon too, Sir.

Win. And I moſt Honoured Father.

Beau. Why, what's the Matter? What haſt thou done? *Woodall* tells me thou haſt married the *Frenchman.*

Win. Me ſhe has married, but no *Frenchman.* The right *Winlove*, Son to the right *Winlove* is her Husband, and your Son-in-Law.

Saun. S'blead, Sir, ye act twa Parts, ye were but a *Hemp-dreſſer* in the laſt Act, Sir.

Snatch. 'Tis Time for me to be going, I feel one Ear going off already. [*Exit.*

Beau. You amaze me; are not you the *Frenchman*, Mr. *Woodall* prefer'd to teach my Daughter?

Bian. No, my Lord, he put on that Diſguiſe to court me; he is the true *Winlove.*

Sir *Lyon.* Marry he is my Son, Sir.

Win. Thoſe were but Counterfeits of my making.

Wood.

Wood. Here's patching with a Miſtreſs, I'm ſure I am gull'd.

Beau. But d'ye hear, Sir? Have you married my Daughter without my Conſent?

Sir *Lyon* Come, my Lord, now you muſt know me; I will beg both their Pardons, and ſecure her a Jointure worthy her Birth and Fortune.

Win. You are a Father now indeed.

Beau. Sir *Lyonel* excuſe my Raſhneſs, I accept your noble Proffer, you are forgiven.

Saun. S'blead, Sir, we ſal nere go to Dunner, Sir; the Deel forgat and forgive you aw, Sir.

Sir *Lyon.* But where is that Rogue that would have ſent me to Goal? I'll ſlit his Noſe for him.

Win. I muſt beg his Pardon, for he did all for my Sake.

Sir *Lyon* Well, Sir, for your Sake I pardon him.

Beau. Come, Gentlemen, all to my Houſe, we ſhall there end our Doubts, and drown our Fears.

Wood. Sir, I ſhall expect my Money back again, 'tis enough to looſe my Miſtreſs.

Win. No, faith, 'tis in better Hands already, you'll but fool it away; you'll be hiring *Frenchmen* agen?

Wood. Well, mock on, I'll in and eat out Part of it.

Beau. Come, Gentlemen.

Marg. Husband will you not go with my Father?

Pet. Firſt kiſs me, *Peg*, and I will.

Marg. What in the Middle of the Street?

Pet. What art thou aſham'd of me?

Marg. Not ſo, Sir, but aſham'd to kiſs ſo openly.

Pet. Why then let's Home again; *Sauny*, lead the Way.

Saun. Gud the Deel a bit will *Sauny* budge before Dunner, Sir.

Marg. Nay, I will give thee a Kiſs; nay, pray now ſtay.

Pet. So, is not this well? Come my ſweet *Peg*.

Bian. Siſter, I hope we ſhall be Friends now?

Marg. I was never Foes with you.

Win. *Come faireſt, all the Storms are overblown;*
Love hath both Wit and Fortune of her own.
[Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter Margaret *and* Biancha.

Bian. BUT is't Poſſible, Siſter, he ſhou'd have us'd you thus?

Marg. Had I ſerv'd him as bad as *Eve* did *Adam*, he cou'd not have us'd me worſe; but I am reſolv'd now I'm got Home again I'll be reveng'd; I'll muſter up the Spight of all the curs'd Women ſince *Noah*'s Flood to do him Miſchief, and add new Vigour to my Tongue; I have not par'd my Nails this Fortnight; they are long enough to do him ſome Execution, that's my Comfort.

Bian. Bleſs me, Siſter, how you talk?

Marg. Thou art a Fool, *Biancha*, come learn of me; thou art married to a Man too, thou doſt not know but thou mayſt need my Counſel, and make good Uſe on't; thy Husband bears thee fair yet, but take heed of going Home with him, for when once he has thee within his Verge, 'tis odds he'll have his Freaks too; there's no truſting theſe Men: Thy Temper is ſoft and eaſy, thou muſt learn to break him, or he'll break thy Heart.

Bian. I muſt confeſs I ſhou'd be loath to be ſo us'd, but ſure Mr. *Winlove* is of a better Diſpoſition.

Marg. Truſt him and hang him, they're all alike; come thou ſhalt be my Scholar, learn to frown, and cry out for Unkindneſs, but brave Anger thou haſt a Tongue, make

make uſe on't; ſcold, fight, ſcratch, bite, any Thing, ſtill take Exceptions at all he does, if there be Cauſe, or not; if there be Reaſon for't he'll Laugh at thee. I'll make *Petruchio* glad to wipe my Shoes, or walk my Horſe, 'ere I have done with him.

Enter Petruchio, Winlove, Sauny.

Bian. Peace Siſter, our Husbands are both here.

Marg. Thou Child I am glad on't, I'll ſpeak louder.

Pet. Well, Brother *Winlove* now we are truly happy, never were Men ſo bleſt with two ſuch Wives.

Win. I am glad to hear you ſay ſo, Sir; my own I'm ſure I'm bleſt in.

Pet. Yours! Why *Biancha*'s a Lyon, and *Margaret* a meer Lamb to her: I tell thee *Winlove*, there's no Man living, tho' I ſay't, (but 'tis no Matter, ſince ſhe does not hear me) that has a Wife ſo Gentle, and ſo Active and Affable; poor Thing, I durſt be ſworn ſhe wou'd walk barefoot a Hundred Miles to do me good.

Marg. No but ſhe wou'd not, nor one Mile neither.

Saun. Now have at your Luggs, Sir.

Pet. O *Peg*, art thou there? How doſt thou do my Dear?

Marg. You may go look, what's that to you.

Saun Stand o' yer guard, Sir, gud *Sauny* well put on his Head-peice.

Pet. I am glad to hear thee ſay thou'rt well in troth.

Marg. Never the better for you, which you ſhall find.

Pet. Nay, I know thou lov'ſt me, prithee take up my Glove, *Peg*.

Marg. I take up your Glove; merry come up, command your Servants, look you there it lies.

Pet. I am glad to ſee thee merry, poor wanton Rogue.

Marg. 'Tis very well, you think you are in the Country, but you are miſtaken, the Caſe is alter'd; I am at Home now, and my own Diſpoſer; go ſwagger at your greazy Lubber there, your Patient Wife will make you no more Sport; ſhe has a Father will allow her Meat and Lodging, and another gueſs Chamber-Maid then a *Highlander*.

Saun.

Saun. Gud an ye were a Top of *Grantham Steple*, that aw the Toon may hear what a ſcauden Quean ye are, out, out.

Pet. Why what's the Matter *Peg?* I never ſaw thee in ſo jolly a Humour, ſure thou haſt been Drinking.

Saun. Gud has ſhe, haud yer Tang, ye faw drunken Swine, out, out, out; was ye tak a Drink and nere tak *Sauny* to yee, out, out, out.

Marg. 'Tis like I have, I am the fitter to talk to you, for no ſober Woman is a Companion for you.

Pet. Troth thou ſayſt right, we are excellently Matcht.

Marg. Well, mark the End on't; *Petruchio*, prithee come hither, I have ſomething to ſay to you.

Saun. De ye nea budge a Foot, Sir; Deel a my ſol but ſhe'll ſcratch your Eyn out.

Pet. Well, your Pleaſure, Madam.

Marg. Firſt, thou art a pitiful Fellow, a Thing beneath me, which I ſcorn and laugh at, ha, ha, ha.

Win. She holds her own yet I ſee.

Marg. I know not what to call thee, thou art no Man, thou cou'dſt not have a Woman to thy Mother, thou paltry, ſcurvy, ill-condition'd Fellow; doſt thou not tremble to think how thou haſt us'd me? What are you ſilent, Sir? *Biancha* ſee, looks he not like a disbanded Officer, with that Hang-Dog Look there? I muſt eat nothing becauſe your Cook has roaſted the Mutton dry, as you us'd to have it when you was a Batchellor; I muſt not go to Bed neither, becauſe the Sheets are damp.

Pet. Heark you, *Peg*; what a ſtrange Woman are you to diſcover openly the Fault of your Servants in your own Family.

Marg. No, no, Sir, this won't ſerve your Turn; your old Stock of Impudence won't carry you off ſo: I'll ſpeak your Fame, and tell what a fine Gentleman you are; how valiantly you, and half a Dozen of your Men, got the better of a ſingle Woman, and made her loſe her Supper.

Saun.

Saun. Gud ſhe lyes, Sir; I wu'd a gin her an awd Boot tull a made Tripes on, and it wud a bin bra Meat with Muſtard, and ſhe wu'd nea have it.

Marg. My Faults! No, good Eſquire of the Country, you thought to have tam'd me, I warrant, in good Time; why you ſee I am even with you; your quiet patient Wife, that will go no more in the Country with you, but will ſtay in Town, to laugh at your wiſe Worſhip, and wiſh you more Wit.

Pet. I ſhou'd laugh at that; why we are juſt now a going; *Sauny* go get the Horſes ready quickly.

Saun. Gud will I, Sir; Iſe ſaddle a Highland-Wutch to carry your Bride; Gud ſhe'll mount your Arſe for you, Madam.

Marg. Sirrah, touch a Horſe, and I'll curry your Coxcomb for you: No, Sir, I won't ſay pray let me not go; but boldly, I won't go; do you force me if you can, or dare: You ſee I am not Tongue ty'd, as Silent as you thought you made me.

Pet. Prithee, *Peg*, Peace a little, I know thou canſt ſpeak, leave now, or thou'lt have nothing to ſay to Morrow.

Marg. Yes, I'll ſay this over again, and ſomething more if I can think on't, to a poor deſpiſed Man of Clouts: Siſter, how he ſmoaks now he's off his own Dunghil.

Pet. Prithee, *Peg*, leave making a Noiſe; I'faith thou'lt make my Head ach.

Marg. Noiſe! Why this is Silence to what I intend; I'll talk louder than this, every Night in my Sleep.

Saun. The Deel ſhall be your Bed-fellow for *Sauny* then.

Marg. I will learn to rail at thee in all Languages; Thunder ſhall be ſoft Muſick to my Tongue.

Saun. The Deel a bit *Scot*'s ye gat to brangle in, marry the Deel gi ye a Clap wi a *French* Thunder-bolt.

Pet. Very pretty; prithee go on.

Marg. I'll have a Collection of all the ill Names that ever was invented, and call you over by 'em twice a Day.

Pet.

Pet. And have a Catalogue publiſh'd for the Edification of your Scolds; proceed, *Peg.*

Marg. I'll have you chain'd to a Stake at *Billingſgate*, and baited by the Fiſh-wives, while I ſtand to hiſs 'em on.

Pet. Ha, ha, ha; witty *Peg*, forward.

Marg. You ſhan't dare to blow your Noſe, but when I bid you; you ſhall know me to be the Maſter.

Saun. Wuns, gat her to the Stool of Repentance, Sir.

Pet. Nay, I believe, thou wilt go in Breeches ſhortly; on, on; what have you no more on't? Ha, ha, ha.

Marg. D'ye laugh and be hang'd? I'll ſpoil your Sport. [*Flies at him.*

Pet. Nay, *Peg*, Hands off; I thought you wou'd not have diſgrac'd your good Parts, to come to Blows ſo ſoon; prithee chide on, thou can'ſt not believe what Delight I take to hear thee; it does become thee ſo well: What, pumpt dry already? Prithee talk more and longer, and faſter, and ſharper, this is nothing.

Marg. I'll ſee you in the *Indies* before I'll do any Thing to pleaſe you; d'ye like it.

Pet. Extreamly! On *Peg*, you'll cool too faſt.

Marg. Why then Mark me, if it were to ſave thee from Drowning, or Breaking thy Neck, I won't ſpeak one Word more to thee theſe Two Months. [*Sits Sullenly.*

Saun. Ah Gud an ye do nea Lye, Madam.

Pet. Nay, good *Peg*, be not ſo hard-hearted. What Melancholy all 'o th' ſudden? Come, get up, we'll ſend for the Fidlers, and have a Dance; thou'lt break thy Elbow with leaning on that hard Table: *Sauny*, go get your Miſtreſs a Cuſhion; alas! I doubt ſhe's not well; look to her Siſter.

Bian. Are you not well, Siſter? What ail you? Pray ſpeak Siſter; indeed, Brother, you have ſo vext her, ſhe'll be Sick.

Pet. Alas, alas! I know what's the Matter with her, ſhe has the Tooth-ach. See how ſhe holds her Cheek; the Wind has gotten into her Teeth, by keeping her Mouth open this Cold Weather.

Bian.

Bian. Indeed it may be ſo, Brother; ſhe uſes to be troubled with that Pain ſometimes.

Pet. Without all Queſtion; poor *Peg*, I pity thee; which Tooth is it? Wilt thou have it Drawn, *Peg?* The Tooth-Ach makes Fools of all the *Phyſicians*; there is no Cure, but Drawing: What ſay'ſt thou? Wilt thou have it pull'd out? Well, thou ſhalt. *Sauny*, run, Sirrah, hard by, you know where my Barber lives that drew me a Tooth laſt Week, fetch him quickly; what d'ye ſtand ſtaring at? Run fetch him immediately, or I'll cut your Legs off.

Saun. Gud Iſe fetch ean to pull her Head off an ye wull. [*Exit.*

Win. This will make her find her Tongue agen, or elſe for certain ſhe has loſt it.

Pet. Her Tongue, Brother? Alas! You ſee her Face is ſo ſwell'd, ſhe cannot ſpeak.

Bian. You Jeſt Brother; her Face is not ſwell'd. Pray let me ſee, Siſter; I can't perceive it.

Pet. Not ſwell'd? Why you are blind then; prithee let her alone, you trouble her.

Enter Sauny *and* Barber.

Here, honeſt Barber, have you brought your Inſtruments?

Barber. Yes, Sir; what muſt I do?

Pet. You muſt draw that Gentlewoman a Tooth there; prithee do it neatly, and as gently as thou can'ſt; and, d'ye hear me, take care you don't tear her Gums.

Barber. I warrant you, Sir.

Saun. Hear ye, Sir, cou'd not ye Miſtake? And pull her Tang out inſtead of her Teeth.

Bian. I'll be gone, I can't endure to ſee her put to ſo much Pain. [*Exit.*

Barb. Pray, Madam, open your Mouth, that I may ſee which Tooth it is. [*She ſtrikes him.*

Why, Sir, did you ſend for me to Abuſe me.

Saun. Gud be nea Angry, yea ha ne aw yer Pay yet,

Sir. Cud ye not Miſtake, and draw her Tang inſtead of her Teeth, Sir.

Pet. No, no: But it ſeems now ſhe won't have it Drawn: Go, there's ſomething for your Pains however. [*Exit* Barber.

Saun. Ye ſid ha taken my Counſel, Sir.

Win. This will not do, Sir. You cannot raiſe the Spirit you have laid, with all your Arts.

Pet. I'll try; have at her once more. *Winlove*, you muſt aſſiſt me; I'll make her Stir, if I can't make her Speak. Look, look! Alas! How pale ſhe is! She's gone o'th' ſudden; Body O' me, ſhe's ſtiff to; undone, undone, what an unfortunate Man am I? She's gone! She's gone! Never had Man ſo great a Loſs as I; O *Winlove*, pity me, my poor *Peg* is dead, dear *Winlove* call in my Father and the Company that they may ſhare in this ſad Spectacle, and help my Sorrow with their joining Griefs. Speak, or, by this Hand, I'll bury thee alive; *Sauny*, thou ſeeſt how ſad a Condition thy poor Maſter is in; thy good Miſtreſs is dead; haſte to the next Church and get the Bier and the Bearers hither, I'll have her buried out of Hand; run *Sauny*. [*Exit* Winlove.

Saun. An you'll mack her dead, we'll bury her deep enough; we'll put her doon intull a *Scotch* Coalpit, and ſhe ſhall riſe at the Deel's Arſe o' Peake. *Exit.*

Pet. I will ſee that laſt pious Act perform'd, and then betake my ſelf to a willing Exile; my own Country's Hell, now my dear *Peg* has left it. Not yet, upon my Life I think thou haſt a mind to be buried quick; I hope thou haſt.

Enter Winlove, Beaufoy, *Sir* Lyonel, Woodall, Biancha, Tranio, Jemmy, *&c.*

Beau. Bleſs me, Son *Petruchio*, is my dear Daughter dead?

Pet. Alas, alas, 'tis but too true, wou'd I had ta'ne her Room

Beau. Why, methinks ſhe looks briſk, freſh and lively.

Pet. So much Beauty as ſhe had muſt needs leave ſome wand'ring Remains to hover ſtill about her Face.

Beau.

Beau. What could her Diſeaſe be?

Pet. Indeed I grieve to tell it, but Truth muſt out, ſhe dy'd for Spight, ſhe was ſtrangly Infected.

Bian. Fie Siſter, for Shame ſpeak, will you let him abuſe you thus?

Pet. Gentlemen you are my loving Friends, and knew the Virtues of my matchleſs Wife, I hope you will accompany her Body to its long Home.

All. We'll all wait on you.

Beau. Thou wilt break her Heart indeed.

Pet. I warrant you, Sir, 'tis tougher than ſo.

Enter Sauny *and* Bearers *with a* Bier.

Saun. I bring you here very geud Men, an ſhe be nea Dead, Sir, for a Croon more they'll bury her quick.

Pet. O honeſt Friends, you're Welcome, you muſt take up that Corps, how! hard-hearted, why d'ye not weep? The loſs of ſo much Beauty and Goodneſs, take her up, and lay her upon the Bier.

1 *Bear.* Why, what d'ye mean, Sir? She is not dead.

Pet. Rogues, tell me ſuch a Lye to my Face? Take her up, or I'll ſwinge ye.

Saun. Tak her up, tak her up, we'll mak her dead, *Billy*; ye'ſt a twa Croons mear, tak her up Mon.

1 *Bear.* Dead, or alive, all's one to us, let us but have our Fees.

Pet. There, nay, ſhe is ſtiff; however, on with her; will you not ſpeak yet? So here take theſe Strings and bind her on the Bier, ſhe had an active ſtirring Body when ſhe liv'd, ſhe may chance to fall off the Hearſe now ſhe's dead: So, now take her up, away; come Gentlemen you'll follow; I mean to carry her through the *Strand*, as far as St. *James's*, People ſhall ſee what Reſpect I bore her —— She ſhall have ſo much Ceremony to attend her now ſhe's dead. There my Coach ſhall meet her and carry her into the Country; I'll have her laid in the Vault belonging to my Family; ſhe ſhall have a Monument; ſome of you enquire me out a good Poet to write her Epitaph ſuitable to her Birth, Quality and Condition; pity the Rememb'rance of ſo many Vir-

tues ſhould be loſt; march on, I would ſay more, but Grief checks my Tongue.

Marg. Father, Siſter, Husband, are you all mad? Will you expoſe me to open Shame? Rogues ſet me down you had beſt.

Pet. A Miracle! A Miracle! She lives! Heaven make me thankful for't; ſet her down; liv'ſt thou my poor *Peg?*

Marg. Yes, that I do, and will to be your Tormentor.

Saun. Out, out, gea her nea Credit, gud ſhe's as dead as mine Grannam; tak her, away with her, Sir.

Pet. Bleſs me, my Hopes are all vaniſh'd agen, 'tis a Damon ſpeaks within her Body; take her up again, we'll bury 'em together.

Marg. Hold, hold, my dear *Petruchio*, you have overcome me, and I beg your Pardon; henceforth I will not dare to think a Thought ſhall croſs your Pleaſure; ſet me a Liberty, and, on my Knees, I'll make my Recantation.

All. Victory, Victory, the Field is won.

Pet. Art thou in earneſt, *Peg?* May I believe thee?

Saun. You ken very well, ſhe was aways a lying Quean when ſhe was living, and wuil ye believe her now ſhe's dead?

Marg. By all that's good, not Truth itſelf truer.

Pet. Then thus I free thee, and make thee Miſtreſs both of my ſelf and all I have.

Saun. S'blead bo ye'll nea gi *Sauny* tull her, Sir.

Wood. Take heed of giving away your Power, Sir.

Pet. I'll venture it, nor do I fear I ſhall repent my Bargain.

Marg. I'm ſure I will not give you Cauſe; you've taught me now what 'tis to be a Wife, and I'll ſtill ſhew my ſelf your humble Handmaid.

Pet. My beſt *Peg*, we will change Kindneſs and be each others Servant; Gentlemen, why do you not rejoyce with me?

Beau. I am ſo full of Joy I cannot ſpeak, may you be happy, this is your Wedding Day.

Saun.

Saun. Shall *Sauny* get her a Bride-Cake, and brake o'er her Head, Sir? And wee's gat us a good Wadding Dunner.

Enter Geraldo.

Ger. Save ye all, Gentlemen; have ye any Room for more Gueſt! I am come to make up the *Chorus*.

Pet. My noble Friend, welcome; where have you been ſo long?

Ger. I have been about a little trivial Buſineſs; I am juſt now come from a Wedding.

Pet. What Wedding, I pray, Sir?

Ger. Troth, e'en my own; I have ventur'd upon't at laſt; Madam, I hope you'll pardon me.

Bian. Yes, Sir; and ſo will this Gentleman.

Saun. Are not you a Gentleman-Hampdreſſer?

Pet. 'Tis e'en ſo, this proves to be *Winlove* in earneſt.

Ger. Good Gentlemen undo this Riddle; I'm all in the Dark.

Pet. You ſhall know anon; in the mean Time believe it, Gentlemen. We want another Woman, or we might have a Dance.

Ger. My Widow is within, ſhe'll ſupply you.

Beau. Good *Peg*, go and wait on her, and you *Biancha* too.

[*Exit* Peg. Biancha.

Pet. I tell thee, *Geraldo*, never had Man ſo obedient and loving a Wife, I have now; I defy the World to equal her.

Win. Nay, Brother, you muſt except her Siſter.

Ger. You muſt except me too, or I ſhall have a hard Bargain of it; my *Widow* is all Obedience.

Pet. I'll tell you what I'll do with you: I'll hold you Ten Pieces to be ſpent in a Collation on them, that mine has more Obedience then both them; to try which, let each ſend for his Wife, and if mine come not firſt I'll loſe my Bett.

Saun. Gud ye'll loſe your Siller ſure enough, Sir.

Both. A Match.

Wood.

Wood. I'll go your Halves, *Geraldo*, and yours Mr. *Winlove* too.

Win. Jemmy, go tell your Miſtreſs, I deſire her to come hither to me preſently.

[*Exit* Jemmy.

Pet. A Piece more ſhe does not come.

Beau. You'll loſe Son, you'll loſe: I know ſhe'll come.

Pet. I know ſhe won't; I find by Inſtinct I ſhall win my Wager.

Enter Jemmy.

Jem. Sir, ſhe ſays ſhe's buſie, and can't leave Mr. *Geraldo*'s Lady.

Pet. Look ye there now; come your Money.

Ger. Prithee go again and tell my Wife I muſt needs ſpeak with her immediately. [*Exit* Jemmy.

Pet. I ſhall win yours too, as ſure as if it was in my Pocket.

Ger. I warrant you no ſuch Matter: What will you give to be off your Bett?

Pet. I won't take forty Shillings.

Enter Jemmy.

Ger. How now?

Jem. Sir, ſhe ſays you have no Buſineſs with her, if you have you may come to her.

Pet. Come, produce, I know 'twould be ſo; *Sauny*, go and tell *Peg*, from me, I command her to come to me Inſtantly.

Saun. Iſe gat her gang wuth me, Sir, or Iſe put my Durke to the Hilt in her Weam. [*Exit.*

Wood. Yet you won't win; I'll hang for't if ſhe'll come.

Pet. Yes, but ſhe will, as ſure as you gave forty Pieces to Court *Biancha*, I'll venture them to Twenty more upon't with you.

Wood. Nay, I have loſt enough already.

Enter

Enter Margaret *and* Sauny.

Pet. Look ye here, Gentlemen.

Saun. O my Sol, ſhe's ean a daſt geud Laſs, ſhe's at your Beck, tak her and kiſs her, Mon.

Marg. I come to receive your Commands, Sir.

Pet. All I have to ſay to thee, *Peg*, is to bid thee demand Ten Pounds of theſe two Gentlemen, thou haſt won it.

Marg. I, Sir, for what?

Pet. Only for being ſo good Natur'd to come when I ſent for you.

Marg. It was my Duty, Sir.

Pet. Come, pay, pay, give it her, I'll not bate you two Pence.

Ger. There's mine.

Win. And mine Siſter; much good may it do you.

Beau. Well, *Peg*, I'll find thee one Thouſand Pound the more for this.

Saun. But what wull ye gi *Sauny* that halpt to mak her geud and tame? Wuns ſhe was as wild as a *Galloway* Colt.

Enter Biancha *and* Widow.

Win. Look, here they come at laſt.

Bian. What did you ſend for me for?

Win. Why, to win me Five Pounds if you had been as obedient as you ſhould have been.

Bian. You have not known me long enough to venture ſo much upon my Duty; I have been my Siſter's Scholar a little.

Saun. But put her to *Sauny* to teach, gud Iſe mak her ſea gentle ye may ſtreake her and handle her all o'er, Sir.

Ger. You might have got me Five Pounds if you had done as you ſhould do.

Wid. Were it to do again you ſhould be ſure to loſe.

Marg. Fie, Ladies, for ſhame; how dare you infringe that Duty which you juſtly owe your Husbands? They are our Lords, and we muſt pay 'em Service.

Beau.

Beau. Well ſaid, *Peg*, you muſt be their Tutor: Come Son, if you'll have a Dance, diſpatch it quickly, the Muſick's ready, and the Meat will be ſpoil'd.

Pet. Come then, play, play.

A DANCE.

Now let us in and eat, the Work is done,
Which nither Time nor Age can wear from Memory;
I've Tam'd the *Shrew*, but will not be aſham'd,
If next you ſee the very *Tamer* tam'd.

FINIS.

Tutor:
quickly,

mory;